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# Nsfw

[image]

***No skipping first wead***

**Lel sorry**

**'Author' here. This is basically just a dump of quotes and one-shots**

**Some of these are from or inspired by other fandoms , authors, memes and artists, so if the post seems familiar then it's probably that. If you've seen suspiciously similar posts, I am certain that that would just be a coincidence. The content inside this book was either from a meme template or just purely mine.**

**Also my only solid ship is Rusphil sooo I'll probably mess around with the ships that doesn't involve those two countries**

***And most of the content here is Rusphil-***

**Please don't take these seriously, but if I did offend anyone then I'd like to apologise personally**

**Cover and later artworks are mine , and this book was made purely out of fun**

***Warnings: This book contains swearing, countryhumans , historical inaccuracy and rusphil***

# Rusphil Posts

💝❤□💝❤□💝❤□💝❤□💝❤□💝❤□💝❤□

Phil: Ruski what do you want for dinner?
Russia: You
Phil: Seriously Russ
Russia: Did I stutter-
Phil: *grabs large wooden spoon* ***Ruski.***
Russia: I thᵢnk fried fish would be ⁿice please doⁿᵗt kill m e

。・゜♡゜・。💝。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Malay: Hey dude, do you know how to scare Phil?
Russia: Well, I know how to make him scream
Malay: Pfft, prove it
Russia: *Grabs Phil and brings him to the bedroom*
Malay:

。・゜♡゜・。💝。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Phil: Ruski can I sit
Russia: On me? Sure
Phil: What
Russia: What

。・゜♡゜・。💝。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Russia: I'd kill a person for you
Phil: Ruski, no
Russia:
Russia: Two persons
Phil: nO-

。・゜♡゜・。💝。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Phil: Hey Russ, did you know if you
smile, you can't breathe?

Russia:
Russia: Funny, when you smile, I can't breathe
Phil:
Phil: Fuck

China: ...
Japan: ...
North Korea: ...
Russia: What?
Japan: This is uh, kind of an important and *private* meeting
Russia: And?
NK: Russia, Phil looks uncomfortable sitting on your lap
Russia: Fuck off

Phil, texting: ha he _ ho hu, _ _ bi bo bu, a e _ o u, la le li _ lu, va _ vi vo vu, ya ye yi yo _
Russia: What
Phil: Send me the missing parts
Russia: Uh, alright-
Russia: Oh
Russia: O h
Phil: ｡●‿●｡

Russia: Love is dead
Ame: You're literally making Phil a Valentine's card
Russia: *I will fucking shoot you if you say it again*

Phil: *Smiles*
Russia: Holy crap mARRY ME

Phil: *Squishing Russia's face between slices of bread* What are you?

Russia, struggling to speak: An idiot sandwich?
Phil, crying: Mine omg I love you

-If that went the other way around-
Russia: *Squishing Phil's face with slices of bread* Do you know what you are?
Phil: *Grins a little* A snack?



Russia: What's wrong?
Phil: The food's too hot so I kinda need to wait so I can eat it
Russia: You're too hot and I still eat you so hurry up and we can leave

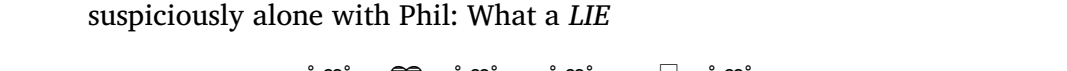
Russia: Your smile? It brightens my every day
Phil: Your eyes? More beautiful than the stars
Martial: A room? *Get one.*

Japan: Are you guys okay? That elevator was stuck for a long time, you should've called for help
Phil: *Looks over and grins*
Russia: *Notices the grin and becomes incredibly flustered* I-I WANTED TO CALL FOR HELP BUT NOOOoO SOMEONE HAD TO BE KINKY-

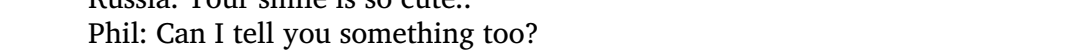
Russia: I'm gonna go to the party
Soviet: What? Seriously? The capitalist's party?
Russia: ...yes
Soviet: The hell, why?
Russia:
Soviet: Is China gonna be there?
Russia: Well no
Soviet: Then why..?

Russia:
Soviet:
Soviet: Philip's gonna be there, isn't he?

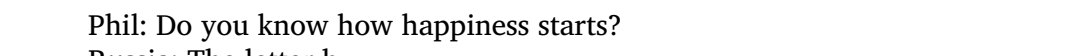
Russia, holding a bouquet and some chocolates: M-my dad told me to give you these...
Soviet, suddenly showing himself after stalking his son who is suspiciously alone with Phil: What a *LIE*



Russia: Can I tell you something
Phil: Yeah?
Russia: Your smile is so cute..
Phil: Can I tell you something too?
Russia: Hm?
Phil: That smile only exists when I'm with you



Phil: Do you know how happiness starts?
Russia: The letter h
Phil: Wrong
Russia: What? It is- oh my god
Phil: It's starts with the letter..
Russia: *sighs* U



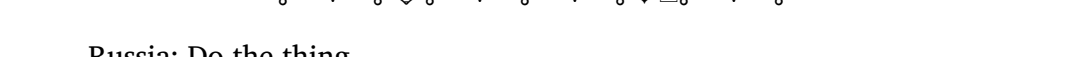
Phil: *Staring at Russia*
Russia: What?
Phil: Shouldn't you be at a museum?
Russia: What? Why?
Phil: I don't know, aren't masterpieces supposed to be there?
Martial: Philip fOR THE LAST TIME-

Phil: What if dogs just want to eat pancakes, but they don't know how

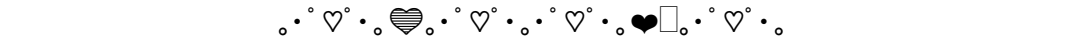
Russia:
Russia: That's not exactly what you say after fucking

China: Hey Russ, are you coming or not?
Russia: I can't. Phil is sleeping on my lap
China: It's an important meeting-
Russia: And Phil is *sleeping* on my *lap*.

Phil: 🎶Chicharon ka ba~?🎶
Russia: What?
Phil: bAKIT BAKIT?¿?
Russia:
Phil: 🎶Kasi ang ingay mo tuwing kinakain kita🎶 bOOM!



Russia: Do the thing
Phil: Huh? What thing?
Russia: The thing that makes me happy
Phil: Wh? What do you mean-
Phil: Oh
Phil: *Smiles*



Phil: Have you ever looked at something and it changes your life and you're like huh
Russia: I met you
Phil: :0

Phil: Anyone who insults my boyfriend are assholes.
Russia: I am the equivalent of shit
Phil:
Phil: Yeah you're an asshole too anyway

Soviet, gets down on one knee: Young Philip-pins, I offer you a life time deal with an annoying little shit named Russia and live happily for the rest of your life
Phil:
Russia: Dad, it's pronounced Philippines
Phil:
Russia: Wait, did you just propose for me-



Phil: Hey Ruski, can you do me a really small favor? It wouldn't take long
Russia: I would literally kill anyone including myself for you, but go on



Phil, jokingly: Oh my god, Ruski's gonna kill you for that-
Russia, out of nowhere: `Who dies`?
Phil: Wait no-
-Extra-
Phil, to Ame and still in a joking manner: Joe, Ruski might actually kill you-
Russia: *Already behind Ame, bat in hand*



Phil: Math is so complex that it relates to love
Russia: Cause they're both infinite?
Phil: You know me too well



Phil: *Sends photo of the earth* Look at how much people cares for you! ❤️❤️
Russia: All I see is a photo of you
Phil: What?? But
Phil: Oh
Russia: ♥️
Phil: Damn it

。・゜♡゜・。💟。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Russia: Hey Phil
Phil: Hm?
Russia: Are you vodka? Cause you're so intoxicating
Phil:
Phil: Are you milk tea? Cause I want to eat your pearls and suck your milk

。・゜♡゜・。💟。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Philip: You know what, fuck blankets
Russia: Are you sure-
Philip: As long as you exist I don't need them

💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□

# Random Posts

NK: What are you doing?
Martial: ...Touching this rose?
NK (whispering): I wish I was that rose
Martial: What?
NK: I said that's gay!
Martial: That doesn't even-

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Indo: May the world hit something gay
Malay: *Hits Singa*
Singa: Ow! What the fuck?!
Malay: Indo told the world to hit something gay
Singa: He told the *whole world*
Malay: I *am* your whole world

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Canada: Did it hurt-
Ukraine: Yes it did
Canada: U-uh, you weren't supposed to answer that-
Ukraine: E v e r y t h i n g h u r t s

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Kati: Hey (Spanish Empire) Spire, how're our kids doing?
SE: Your sons are doing pretty well and so is Spain-
SE: Wait, what did you just say?
Kati: How are our kids doi- oh
Kati: I-I MEAN AS FATHERS, D-DIFFERENT FATHERS-
SE: *Happiness noises*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: Did you fall from Heaven?
Ame: No, I crawled from hell

Russia: So not even Satan wanted you huh

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: I cannot explain the anger on Ruski's face once he saw Joe
Ame: HE MADE OUT WITH THE BOTTLE OF VODKA I COULDN'T HELP IT

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Martial: I want you
China: Really-
Martial: To leave me the fuck alone.
China: :(

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Belarus: ...
Ukraine: What?
Belarus: Brother, I know you snuck Canada in. I also know that he's hiding with your sexuality in the closet

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Russia and Phil: *Talking*
Brunei: That's gay
Thai:
Thai: *Points at America* Then what the hell do you call that?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Dude, you okay?
Indo, visibly tired: Yeah
Phil, smirking: Malay's been keeping you awake huh?
Indo:
Indo: *Laughing* Yeahhh
*2:47 am*
Malay:
Malay: Why did the aliens only help the Egyptians?
Indo: *Sighs*

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Everyday I wake up
Martial: ...And?
Phil: That's it. That's all the problem there is

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Martial: Let's take a moment to mourn for the death of **your** dear and loved friend, China. Who died having a virus-
China: Martial for fuck's sake I'm not dead
Martial, wiping a tear: It's as if I can still hear his annoying voice

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: I hate standing next to sunflowers
Ame: Huh? Why?
Phil: I mean, look at this sunflower, it's fucking taller than I am, it's winning and I'm not

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

China: Hm, if you wanted a lover, you should go with America. I mean, the guy's tons of fun and you're dead inside
Russia: *Looks at Phil who's wearing a wedding dress, acting like the Queen of England and bitch slapped Indo's and Malay's ass*
Russia: What about him-
China: No he's mINE

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Kidnapper: We have your boyfriend
China: I don't have a boyfriend?
Kidnapper: He kept calling us drug addicts and tried to shoot us all with guns we don't even know where he gets-
China: Oh my god you have my boyfriend

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Kidnapper: Hey, we have your boyfriend..
Phil: Huh? I don't have a boyfriend-
Kidnapper: And we're fucking sorry please take him back he's scaring all of us
Phil: I still don't know who you got

Kidnapper: Holy fuck he knocked out John-!
Phil: ?? Do you need help??
Kidnapper, crying: Please take him we promise never to bother you and your boyfriend again just please make him stop he's using his iceskates as kNIVES-
Phil:
Phil: He'll eventually stop when all of you are dead, anyway, can you tell him that I finished the papers?

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Malay: How do you make a baby cry?
Singa: Drop it
Brunei: How do you make a baby not cry?
Singa: Drop it again

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Kati: Mahal
Perla: Hm?
Kati: So what do you do if you think this certain man is stalking you and has some undesired intentions with you
Perla: ...Well, you usually deal with those problems, but before, I used to scare them with the usual death threat, just like what I did to you. Why are you asking anyway?
Kati: *Nervously stares ahead where SE is visibly eye raping him*
Kati: I'm asking for a friend..

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Martial: ...Okay, so maybe I have a thing for-
Phil: China?
Martial: What? How did you..?
Phil: *Grins*
Del: Oh boy
Martial: What?
Del: Here it comes
Phil: *Slams laptop and scripted book on table*

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

China: I *love* breaking the law
Martial: *Sighs*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

China: I made lunch for you~
Martial: Oh, thank you
China: There's also a little love note for you!!
Martial: That's sweet but no-
Martial:
Martial: This is a back to back ten page essay filled with pictures of me

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Malay: Indo, when's your birthday
Indo: Uh.. August 17
Malay: Yup! Only 9 months till your present!
Indo: Awe-
Indo: Wait

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Kati: Dude seriously you gotta stop harassing me and go get a wife
SE: Okay
SE: *Gets down on one knee*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: Imagine being in a room naked in front of people who speak a different language and all wanna touch you
SS harem: W-what-
Phil: That's a dog's life
SS harem:
Martial: *Laughing his ass off*
-Extra-
China: GUESS I'LL START CALLING YOU MY BITCH NOW-

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

UK: *Gives France a cup of tea* Here you go
France: Oh, thanks, but why..?

UK: America said that you get thirsty when you're around me
France: *Spits out tea*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame: A bit early for Halloween isn't it?
Martial, dragging a bloody corpse: What?
Ame:
Martial: I don't celebrate Halloween
-Extra-
Ame: WAIT YOU DON'T CELEBRATE HALLOWEEN?! THAT'S LIKE ONE OF THE BEST HOLIDAYS-

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ukraine: What's the most illegal thing you've done?
Canada: I stole a bar of chocolate and I still feel bad
Ame: I stole and killed people but for a good reason
NK: I just killed people
Russia: Drank underaged?
SK: Exist lol

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame: Look, I didn't kill your father
Russia, still suspicious: Then why did you fight back?
Ame: Look man, if there's a guy who's holding a shotgun and a roulette and is charging at you, I wouldn't just stand there and say 'Oh look, the sun is pretty today'

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•.˚ ˚ • *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Malay: *hics* HeyY baby, you come here often?
Singa: I have a boyfriend
Malay: W-what?? Why do you have a boyfriend???
Singa:
Malay: *Sobs while hiccuping* WHY DO GUYS ALWAYS LEAVE MEEeEEEEeE
Singa:
Singa: Malay, *you're* my boyfriend, we're in our *house*, and you drank *grape juice*

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Papa, I-I did a sin
Kati: What?
Phil: I-I'm not a virgin a-anymore
Kati: Hay anak, that's fine. You're 18 anyway. Who's the lucky girl?
Phil:
Kati: What? Why do you still look guilty-
Kati:

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Russia: Sunshine, could you pass me the catsup?
Phil: Sure
Russia: Thank y- Wait, was this the same catsup you used for cooking?
Phil: Yeah
Russia:
Phil: What?
Russia: It's expired
Phil:
Phil: So?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

*Kati orders at Starbucks*
Barista: Can I get a name for your drink?
Kati: Uh... I guess call it Juan?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Ame: Do you think I can fit 15 marshmallows in my mouth
Russia: To kill yourself? Please do
Canada: Bro, I don't think you should-
China: You've sucked my dick before, of course you can fit 15 marshmallows in your mouth
Russia:
Canada:
Ame:
China: *Casually goes back to work*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

China, laying his head on Martial: Hey, tell me I'm pretty
Martial, smiling lovingly: Yeah, you are pretty-
China: :D
Martial: -fucking annoying. That's what you are

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Indo: Hey have you seen our friend
Canada: What does he look like?
Malay: Dark hair, tannish skin, black eyes
Indo: Clearly gay but won't admit it

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Third Reich: Hey, wanna play 20 questions?
Soviet: Sure, I'll go first. What's your favorite battle strategy?
Third Reich: Circle. My turn, do you perhaps fancy your own sex?

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: I really like the color of your eyes
Russia: Thanks, I got it from my dead dad
Phil:
Ame, whispering: Are you sure you want this one?

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Indo: Hey Russ, now that you're in a relationship, can I ask for love advices?
Russia: Bold of you to assume I even know how I got into a relationship

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Singa, watching the ASEAN family in chaos: I wonder what it feels like to know what the fuck is going on

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame: Hey Phil, how tall are you?

Phil: I'm 5'5
Ame: Cute, I'm 6'7
Phil: The rest of my inches went somewhere else

# Quotes abt the Fam

Singa: So yesterday was Thailand's birthday
Brunei: And the ASEAN family wanted to do a surprise birthday for him, and we really wanted it to be a surprise
Indo: So we decided to be quirky
Malay: And by quirky, we meant just standing in the dark, just staring at him
Thai: It scared the shit out of me. Were you guys trying to kill me?!
Viet: *whispering* That was the whole plan

———————✯✥✯———————

Martial: What's wrong?
Phil: America didn't accept my visa :(
Martial:
Martial: How dare this bitch
Phil: Wait Martial no-
Martial: HOW DARE THIS BITCH

———————✯✥✯———————

France: So what did you learn today sweetie?
ChildAme: Dragons
UK: Your class learned about dragons?
ChildAme: I did. Didn't know what everyone else was talking about

———————✯✥✯———————

Phil: bro, crush si online
Phil: wht should i do??
Martial: I don't know
Martial: Send a dick pic
Phil: wh y the hell should i snd u a dicpic
Martial: Tangina not to me
Phil:
Phil: ohh
Martial: Tanga

———————✯✥✯———————

Phil: Hey dad! Can you teach me and Marsh how to build a kite tomorrow?
Kati: Sure thing bud
*At 12 am*
Perla: Honey just admit that you can't
Kati, furiously trying to figure out how to make a kite: No, I'm their father and it's my obligation to be there for tHEM

———————✯✥✯———————

Ukraine: Why the hell am I still living
Belarus: You're our bro! We need you here!
Kazakhstan: We're gonna make *sure* you keep living-
Russia: Because if you don't continue living, your economy will industructively destroy itself and affect everyone around you and it will create a war that can possibly turn into the third world war which means countless lives can die and chaos will reign over again. Not only that but your job as a country is incredibly necessary for the stability and peace of your people and the contributions you have for the evolution of the world
Ukraine:
Belarus:
Kazakhstan:
Russia: Plus Canada might kill me

———————✯✥✯———————

BabyRussia: Fuck
Soviet: who the FUCK has been swearing in front of my son?

———————✯✥✯———————

Canada: You are the utterly most pointless thing that ever existed
Ame: You know what else is pointless
Canada: ?
Ame: Circles
Canada: I hate you

———————✯✥✯———————

Belarus: This is the worst day of my life
Russia: Correction, it is the worst day of your life
Russia: So far
Belarus:
Russia: Love ya sis
Belarus: Well I clearly don't

———————✯✥✯———————

UK: You can't take that thing to school!
Aussie, crying and holding the baby crocodile: He just wants to be like the other bOYS

———————✯✥✯———————

Soviet: Okay, who drank all my Pepsi?!
Russia: Belarus di-
Belarus, panicked: RUSSIA LIKES PHILIP
Russia: BELARUS WHAT THE FUCK
Societ: wHAT-

———————✯✥✯———————

Ukraine: Okay, before you date my brother, I have to warn you about something
Phil: W-wait, I'm not gonna date Ruski-
Ukraine: That man has zero self prevention when it comes to himself, especially when drunk
Phil: Huh? What do you mean?
Ukraine: Watch this
Ukraine: HEY RUSSIA! PHIL'S DOWNSTAIRS-
Russia: *Jumps out the window*
Phil: WAIT OH MY GOD

———————✯✥✯———————

10 year old Russia: Jokes on you dad the longer I'm out of vodka the gayer I get
Soviet:
Soviet: Fuck fine here you go have it

———————✯✥✯———————

Ame & Canada: *Talking and having fun*
Some Karen: Ew, isn't Canada dating that Slavic male country? That's such a low in our economy and image to our children
Ame: Excuse me?
Canada: It's okay Ame-
Karen: Plus, Ukraine isn't even the best choice. He's related to Russia right? He might turn Canada into a communist and bad ruler-
Canada: *Punches Karen*
Karen: WHAT THE HELL
Ame: Bro why did you hit her?!
Karen: EXACTLY-
Ame: Is your hand okay? You should've just let me hit her!
Karen:

———————✯✥✯———————

Malay: *Screeches and Screams for help*
Indo: *Pounces on Malay with bamboo stick while screaming*
Brunei: *Frantically trying to defuse the fire that Malay caused*
Cambodia: *Ignores them and continues baking the cake*
Myanmar: *Helps Cambodia with cake*
Singa: *Tries to stop Indo from hitting the cake*
Thailand: *Laughing his ass off*
Laos: *Watching all the chaos with satisfaction*
Viet: *Doesn't give a fuck and continues sleeping*
Phil: *Fortnite dances on Malay's dead body*
ASEAN:
ASEAN: I just turned around for *one* second

———————✯✥✯———————

Martial, stubbing his toe: fUCK
ChildPhil: Del!! Martial said a bad word!!
Del: Martial, stop swearing in front of Phil!
Martial: WELL I'M FUCKING SORRY BUT THIS BITCH IS BEING A PAIN

———————✯✥✯———————

*At the animal shelter*
ChildChina: *Points* I want that one
Soviet: What? The brown dog?
ChildChina: No, that one
Soviet: ...That's Martial
Child!China: I know

———————✯✥✯———————

Kazakhstan: Awe cheer up, Russia would throw himself in front of a bus for you
Phil, crying: He would throw himself in front of a bus just for fUN

———————✯✥✯———————

Canada: I'm-
Ame: Gay
Canada: No I'm-
Ame: Gay
Canada: For fu-
Ame: Ukraine
Canada:
Canada: I give up

———————✯✥✯———————

# More Rusphil

❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟❤□💟

China: You're late, again. Do you really value your coffee rather than your job?
Russia, remembers that he does Phil every morning before they even get up:
Russia: Coffee... Yeah..

。・゜♡゜・。💟。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Russia: I have an ushanka to warm my head, gloves for my hands, socks for my feet, and-
Russia: *Holds Phil*
Russia: To warm my heart

。・゜♡゜・。💟。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Russia, panicking: Hey, have you seen my husband??
Security guard: What does he look like?
Russia: Beautiful, adorable, adorable as hell, bright, perfect-
Security guard: ...other details?
Russia: Short
Phil, emerging through the crowd: hOY ANO BA

。・゜♡゜・。💟。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

Phil: Everything's fine, it's just a crush, I've had this before and I can get over it again
Russia: Hi
Phil: Fuck

。・゜♡゜・。💟。・゜♡゜・。・゜♡゜・。❤□。・゜♡゜・。

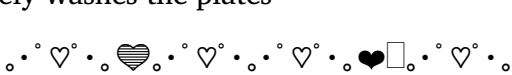
Russia: How do I know if someone likes me?
Ame: They would try to get your attention a lot
Indo: Probably tries to impress you
Malay: They might stare at you time to time for no reason
China: If you notice them suddenly light up when you're there
Germany: You'll see them kind of sad whenever you talk to someone else
Russia:
Russia: *Looks at Phil*
Phil: *Immediately turns away with an embarrassed expression and hastily hides something*
Russia: Clearly no one likes me

Russia: We should appreciate the small things in life
Russia: *Hugs Phil*
Phil:

Phil: I love things that start with an r
Russia: :O
Phil: Rifles
Russia: :'0

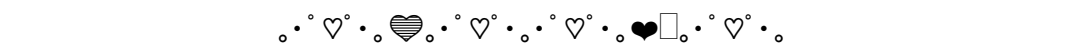
China: So what if you and Phil could-
Russia, scooping up Phil: Yes. We'd like to get married

Child: Dad, why is pa so angry when he washes the dishes?
Russia, grinning: Because he wants us to know that we don't help him do the chores
Phil *Agressively washes the plates*



Interviewer: So how does it feel like to have a boyfriend who's so

out of your league?
Phil: Uh... That's a little.. Well, I guess-
Russia: Incredible. Amazing. Fantastic. I honestly don't know how I got Phil and I still question why he would be holding my hands right now

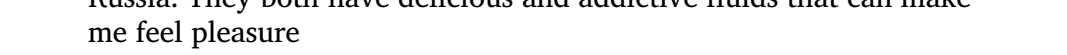


Phil: I only like one thing about you Ruski
Russia: D:
Phil: Everything
Russia: :'D

Russia: Okay, who the fuck broke my favorite hockey stick? You shithead better stand up or I'll beat the hell out of your idiotic and useless existance
Phil, whispering and tearing up a little: I-it was me..
Russia: Wait no fuck I'm sorry-

Phil: When I was small-
Russia: *Snorts*
Russia: Was?

Ame: Which would you prefer, Phil or vodka?
Russia: They're the same thing though
Ame: What? Why..?
Russia: They both have delicious and addictive fluids that can make me feel pleasure
Ame:
Ame: Get the fuck out



Phil: Ruski, can I have some water?
Russia: ...uh, don't you have your own water?
Phil: Yeah but I drank it all, plus, you have at least 5 more bottles

of water in your bag
Russia: You saw that..?
Phil: Yeah
Russia:
Phil: What?
Russia:
Phil:
Phil: It's not water, isn't?
Russia:
Phil: *Take out those bottles of vodka.* ***Now****.*

Phil: You sure like hanging out with China, huh
Russia: Nah, I'm into small dudes who loves milk tea and singing
Phil:
China, through the earpiece: TOO STRAIGHTFORWARD



Phil: Truth or dare!
Russia: Truth
Phil: How many hours have you slept this week?
Russia: Dare
Phil: Ruski, go to sleep
Russia: Truth or dare?
Phil: Do your dare first-
Russia: How many hours have *you* slept this week?
Phil: That's irrelevant-
Russia: I'll sleep once you'll sleep
Phil: I have a valid reason to be awake-
Russia: Dare's a dare
Phil: I didn't even answer dare-
Russia: You started the game
Phil:
Phil: Let's just play another game
Russia: A sleeping game?
Phil: nO

Phil: How can you say that Ruski is bad? He's such a precious little grump
Russia, drunk: FUCK YEAH I'M ADORABLE



Russia: Fuck-
Phil: What's wrong?
Russia: I cut my finger
Phil: *Snickers* Do you want me to kiss it?
Russia: ...would you actually?- I mean, you were a nurse one time right? That- That wouldn't be weird, right?
Phil: *Laughs* Sure
-Later-
Russia: So the capitalist punched my face specifically my lips and-



Russia: *smirking*
Phil: Why do I feel like my ass is in danger



Russia: If anyone touches my vodka I *will* kill them
China: Phil is literally drinking from it
Russia: And?



*"Having a convo with your crush improves your mental strength."*
Russia: Hey Phil
Phil: Hm?
Russia: Talk to me
Phil: About what?
Russia: Please just talk to m e



*"If a guy sees someone as attractive, he stares for an average of 8.2 seconds."*
Russia:
Russia: *Stares at Phil for 3 hours*

China: The fuck? Why's your tongue blue?
Russia: Phil had a blueberry slushie
China: I was asking why you have a blue tongue-
China: Oh

Russia: So my sister made me get a checkup, and the doctor asked me what my type is, and I jokingly responded: "If you want to, we could go out. You're definitely my type."
Russia: He laughed and then started flirting with me, and I realised how much of a nervous wreck I was without my alcohol
Russia: So I constantly tried my best to keep him entertained by flirting back without being embarrassed-
Russia: Which I eventually failed at
Phil: But it made him look even cuter~
Russia: *Shh*
Russia: Anyway, that's how I met your father
Kids:

Russia: Hey Sunshine, wanna check out my tarot skills?
Phil: Oh, sure
Russia: Okay so this card tells me you're beautiful than anything that ever existed besides vodka, this one tells me you're a living angel, this one tells me you're perfect for someone like me-
Phil: Ruski, those are pictures of me

Phil: Why is my ice cream melting faster?
Russia: It's because you're so h-
Phil, under his breath: GLOBAL WARMING

Phil: Okay Ruski! Kiss marry or kill. Me, China or Germany?
Russia: Phil, I would only kiss, fuck and marry you and kill America

Ame: I wasn't even one of the options-

Russia: *In a corner, crying and drinking alcohol*
Belarus: What happened this time?
Russia: *Chokes* PhIL loVes tHE dog mORE THan mE
Belarus:
Belarus: You're a lost case. I'm gonna call Phil so he'll pick you up from my house
Russia: i'M gOnNa geT rId oF tHat dOg-
Russia: But Phil loves the dog...
Russia: *Hiccups and cries even more*
Belarus: WAIT DON'T VOMIT ON THE-

# MoRe RaNdOmNeSs

Ame: You look like the doctor who doesn't recommend toothpaste
Russia: ...why?
Ame: Because you're a 1/10

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame at ww2: sTOP TAKING HIM HE'S FRAGILE
Japan: JOKES ON YOU BITCH I ALREADY TOOK HIM
Phil: W h y

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Indo: Phil, what are you doing? We just ate
Phil: I'm making pancakes for the dogs
Indo: ...Why?
Phil: They don't know how

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

*"You are what you eat."*
Japan: I don't remember eating a disappointment
Indo: I don't remember eating a mistake either
SK: I thought I swore off eating failures
Ame: Lmao I'm a bullet
Canada:
Canada: I'm Ukraine??

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

China: Make his dick hard, not his life
Russia: Break his bed, not his heart
Ame: Play his body, not his feelings

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Japan: I feel like (South Korea) Sky likes me, but I don't know why
SK: *Has body pillows of Japan, stuffed toys, shirts and a mug that

clearly says I love Japan*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame: Y'know, it's pretty muggy today
Russia: I swear to god if I step out the door and see that all the mugs are outside I will throw you out the window
Ame:
Ame: *Sips coffee from a bowl*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

China: Wanna cuddle?
Martial: I'd rather snort cocaine
China: Love has the same neurological effects as cocaine
Martial:
China: Wanna cuddle

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Malay: Ey dude wanna get high?
Indo: Lol yeah sure-
Malay: *Kisses Indo*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Malay: If I punched myself and it hurts, what does that make me?
Phil: Pretty strong I guess
Indo: Weak
Singa: *An idiot.*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Germany: I'd do anything for you
Poland: Sleep
Germany: *No*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Russia: When Phil says; "Let's go home," He actually means we're staying another hour

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Ame: Hey, can I get a ride home?
Martial, getting into his car: Sorry, I don't own a car

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Russia: How's your boyfriend
Ame: I don't have a boyfriend?
Russia: I know, I'm just reminding you
Ame:
Ame: How's your dad?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

China: You look like my future boyfriend
Martial: You look like my sleep paralysis demon

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

China: Hey marshmallow~
Martial, annoyed: Can you stop calling me marshmallow?
China: Nah
Martial: Wh y
China: Not until I can call you mine

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Hey Ruski, how's Joe?
Russia: Bad news
Phil: What happened?
Russia: Nothing happened. He's still existing. That's the bad news.

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Ukraine: I'm an accident
Canada: An accidentally too perfect man
Ukraine: I am not-
Canda: So are you implying that there are no accidents?
Ukraine: `Babe please let me be depressed`

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

No one:
Philip: I'm not that good at math, but give me your number and see what I'll do with it~

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Hey bro, what took you so long?
Martial: Sorry, I was doing something..
China, half naked and seductively posed at Martial's bedroom door: Something? Is that my new nickname now?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

SE (Spanish Empire): Yes! I finally have someone to take complete control over and would literally have no choice but to follow!
Kati: Spire (Nickname) no- that's a *child,* not a slave-

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Kati: Sorry, but I'm straight
SE: So is spaghetti until it gets wet

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

SE: *Holding up a heart that says 'You complete me'*
Kati:
Kati: *Gets a sharpee and writes two s at the end*

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Kati: You know what's the difference between Spire and an egg?
Perla: Er, what?
Kati: Eggs get laid.

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Martial: You know, you have a beautiful eye
NK: Uh, that's something unusual, but thank you..?
Martial: But I love mine more
NK, disappointed and insulted: Oh..
Martial: Because without them I can't get to see yours

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Indo: I am a morosexual. I am attracted to dumbasses and dumbasses exclusively.
Malay: *Exists*
Indo, already taking his shirt off:

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Indo: Malay, you have ptsd
Malay: Hell yeah I do
Malay: Proficient talent for sUCKING DICK
Indo:
Singa: I mean, he isn't wrong

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Martial: I just told China that I'm tired of his shit and this bitch bought me an energy drink

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

**Aaand that's about everything that's written on my notepad. Might as well do one-shots too**

# Riptide (Amephil)

[image]

***Floof***

**I remember this song giving me Amephil vibes so,**

**This is pure floof**

**I think**

~

America scrolled down through his phone. He's just waiting for his boyfriend to arrive, and he'd rather be in the airport waiting for his boyfriend than getting pushed down by papers and reading more annoying laws that didn't need to be official.

He was currently scrolling down through posts from Instagram, and immediately smiled just by seeing the first picture. It was Philip and his gang wearing feminine clothes and posing very girly for the picture.

He was about to comment when certain comments caught his eye. It made him frown a little.

He didn't care for the comments that were basically thirsty people, but what made him frown was his own two brothers' comments, directly pointing at Phil. Australia and Canada really have to stop the joke of hooking up with their brother's boyfriend.

"BOO!"

The star-spangled country widened his eyes and bolted up, but the gentle squeeze and manly high-pitched voice stopped him from his reflexes. He groaned and looked up to Philip's grinning face.

"Hi," Philip giggled and cupped Ame's face as the other smiled back. America pointed at his lips, hoping for a kiss, only to be scoffed at.

"You didn't greet me at the airport! You think you deserve a kiss for that?!" Philip pouted and let go of the other's face.

"What! I waited here for almost an hour!" America complained as he tried reaching out for Philip's hands again.

"Then you would've seen the OFW's and tourists wander around," Philip huffed and dodged America's attempts.

"Well I should get an award for staring at your photos for an hour! 3 minutes long for each!"

When Ame noticed that Philip froze, he became even more embarrassing. "Also looking at our messages and videos together-!"

The Filipino had enough and kissed his boyfriend to shut him up.

.

"Y'know, I really wonder why you picked the beach," America huffed while bringing their carriage inside their vacation house. "Almost every part of you is a beach!"

Philip laughed at this. "Well that's not nice! Why are you calling your boyfriend a bitch?"

America playfully glared at Phil as Phil giggled and ruffled Ame's head. "Well at least you're my bitch~"

Ame smirked as he said that, but when Philip didn't respond, he looked back. "Phil?"

Philip's previous frown disappeared when he was snapped out of his trance. "Hm?"

"Are you alright?"

Philip smiled and grabbed his swimsuit. "I am."

.

"Rica, seriously?"

Until now, Ame still hasn't carried the last bag to their room. America groaned once his boyfriend caught him slacking off.

Philip had to watch America lazily drag the bag. "Ricaaa!" He whined, pulling the bag faster towards the room with the American being a burden to carry.

Once they were both in the room, Philip puffed in relief and tried to drag his boyfriend out now. America groaned and clung on to Philip's legs.

"Phil, I'm tireddd~ Can't we cuddle??" He pouted, hugging tight.

"We can cuddle by the water," Philip chuckled as he helped his boyfriend up.

As America gained his balance, he suddenly pinned the Filipino down and lazily looked down to Philip's eyes, hoping that it was intimidating enough.

Unfortunately, Philip laughed and kissed America's nose instead. "This doesn't work anymore, Rica~"

The American huffed and was about to carry Phil's cocky ass to the bed when Philip slithers away just in time.

"Do you really want to fuck so badly?" Phil chuckled as the other groaned. "I'll take that as a yes."

"Babe, it's been a month! Of course I wanna fuck!" Ame retorted and crossed his arms like a stubborn toddler. Philip snickered and ruffled his boyfriend's head. "You're so demanding~ Besides, these are one of the only days we get to have a nice view.."

America seemed puzzled as Philip smiled and grabbed his boyfriend's hand, then gently lead him to the porch.

The star-spangled man was left breathless. The night sky was starting to envelope everything around them, but the sun's bright rays refused to be overshadowed. Its beams of light created a dark orange hue around it and mixed with the dark violet of the night, creating a glowing light pink and orange hue. The clouds that

spiraled through the sky were highlighted by the different colors, and the water reflected everything beautifully.

In shorter words, the sunset was amazing.

The only time America snapped was when Philip let go of their hands and ran off to the beach.

"Joe! C'mon!" Philip laughed and immediately went for the coconut that fell from a tree.

Still, America was stuck in a trance. The way Phil picked up whatever he was picking up with the overview of the scene felt magical, but when Phil looked over and smiled while carrying the coconut was what made America stunned.

"Hoy! ᖴᔓᓀ ᔑᘏᓄ ᓀᘏᓄ! ᑢᓀ ᔑ ᗷ ᘏᓄ!" (You look like an idiot! Come here already!) Philip laughed once he saw his boyfriend's stunned face.

America didn't understand, but he eventually followed his boyfriend after.

.

"You know... This reminds me of our other beach dates," Philip randomly brought up. "No shit Sherlock." Philip playfully scoffed back.

"You know what I remember? When you kept offering me a coconut," America snickered. "And you still do until now."

"Hey! I thought you were hungry!" Philip retaliated, making the American chuckle.

"It was fun not understanding each other back then though. It's like a torturous game of charades." Philip finally laughed this time and went over his boyfriend who was cooking barbecue.

"You know what else I remember?" America suddenly asked with a genuine smile on his face. Philip peeked his head up in curiosity.

"When you sang to me.." He whispered.

"You still sang the words wrong," America immediately added in to stop himself from being sentimental, to which Philip playfully slapped him for.

"It was hard learning English back then okay!" Philip retorted at his giggling boyfriend. America ruffled Phil's head but made sure the spatula didn't hit him.

"Then you sang it again back at San Diego's place and *still* got it wrong!"

Philip groaned in embarrassment. He had to admit, singing that drunk and in front of a crowd was not the best picture.

"Can you shut up?" Phil grunted. America continued chuckling while cooling off a perfectly cooked barbecue. He fed it to his pouting boyfriend.

"You wanna watch the video of you singing?" America teased right as he shoved the food in. Thankfully, Phil didn't gag and instead bit the stick of the barbecue very hard, to the point it broke. He was glaring at America as America nervously stared back, getting the message.

"You're lucky that I love you..." Philip huffed while removing the meat off the stick. America had to freeze, then he smiled gently. Philip's right.

"You're luckier that I love you," Ame chuckled and grabbed the stick from Phil's hand and threw it away. "But we're both the luckiest for having each other.."

America genuinely smiled and caressed Philip's hair. "You're pretty important, y'know?"

.

**FakI'vebeenplayingthesongonrepeatthelyricsissowholesomE**

# Drunk (Rusphil One-shot)

**I just wanna post this here ^^**

.

"Привет Олег, почему ты позвонил мне-" (Hey Oleg, why did you call me-)

Two warm arms wrapped around the Russian's waist. He almost body slammed whoever this was, until he realised that it was his friend.

"EYY! DAS MUTTERLAND SELBST IST HIER!" (THE MOTHERLAND HIMSELF IS HERE!)

A lot of yelling and whistling suddenly ignited as Russia looked at the bartender in confusion. Before Oleg could give a proper explanation, a Russian cut him off.

"FINALLY! FILIPINS KISS~~!!"

A lot of people cheered as Philip blushed and Russia laid there, still confused and flattered.

"Nooo! Stooop~!" The Filipino drunkenly whined back while the others pressure him to kiss the other country. "He doesn't want to-!"

Immediately, Russia brought Philip's chin up and kissed him on the lips. Cheers, squeals and whistles all mixed together and filled the whole bar, to the point that even Oleg became annoyed by it. Once Russia seperated their kiss he waved for the people to leave them be.

The others groaned but eventually followed, seeing that even the bartender was yelling for them to leave. When everything was calm again, Philip hugged Russia from behind.

"Russsiyaaaaaa~" Philip slurred, rubbing his drunk face on the

other's back. Russia closed his eyes to resist the sudden tickle that trickled down his spine and detached the Filipino's arms. "Cen I hab other kiss??"

Russia sighed and turned around. He looked down at his friend and tried to be serious, but that silly look made him smile.

"Lab you~" Philip giggled, burying his face on the other's stomach.

Russia chuckled and intertwined his hand to Philip's hair and turned to Oleg. "Что случи́лось?" (What happened?) Russia asked while softly scratching Philip's hair.

"He had a drinking contest with a German. It ended in a tie," Oleg laughed while remembering. "He had a lot in him!"

"Probably since he drinks with me," The Russian snickered, seeing that Philip quietly giggled.

"It left everyone surprised that a little guy like him could drink a lot and share some humor with them," Oleg chuckled while cleaning the glasses. "Some girls even flirted with him."

Oleg noticed the small frown the other Russian made and snickered. "That's also how he met his challenger."

The country raised an eyebrow as Oleg explained furthermore.

"The girl that he flirted with was the German's girlfriend," Oleg continued. "But somewhere in the fight, Filipinny and the German started flirting with each other."

This time, Russia was becoming a little serious and bothered that there was a lot of flirting involved. "Then why was everyone cheering when I kissed him?"

Oleg smirked since he knew that Russia was being protective.

"The girl had enough with their flirting and told Philip to fuck off-" Russia's head tilted in distaste. "-Jokingly, she said it as a joke and everyone knew it was a joke.." Oleg chuckled as the other Russian calmed down.

"I think he assumed that the pair was Russian, even if the German clearly spoke German, Filipinny said that 'If he can't have a Russian, he'll get Russia instead'."

Russia had to pause to process it, then laughed in astonishment. He ruffled Philip's head while muttering praises, to which the other whimpered in discomfort.

"Ah, Боже ты благословение..." (God you're a blessing...) The Russian exhaled, scratching Philip's head again.

Oleg smiled at this. "I wasn't surprised when a lot of Russians agreed. You really need a partner," He laughed as Russia rolled his eyes and blushed a little. The fact that even his own people tells him to get a lover.

Russia felt embarrassed yet happy that people supported him, but that smile slowly turned into a frown. Oleg noticed this and asked what was wrong.

The Russian sighed as he shook his head sideways. "I'm just happy that some don't care."

The bartender instantly knew what this meant and smiled in pity. He knew that if Russia had to pick Philip, others would quickly question and disagree with him. Picking a country as a lover was dangerous, because it'll affect the economy, politics and relationships of the people.

"Mmmn, Ruski..."

Russia looked down to Philip's apologetic face. The Russian scrunched his eyebrows and sighed lightly.

"It's okay, you didn't do anything wrong.." Russia comforted, noticing that Philip seemed a little agitated. "Just don't think about it, okay?"

Phil whimpered, making the other smile tiredly. He bent down to kiss Philip gently on the lips.

"Aren't you worried that he'll remember what you're doing

tomorrow?" Oleg suddenly intervened.

The question made Russia pause. A sad smile slowly crept on to his face. "It's alright..." The Russian muttered. "He always forgets."

The bartender sighed as he watched his country yearningly stroke Philip's cheeks. He shook his head in disagreement. "I don't need to be an immortal to know that love requires sacrifices.."

Russia stayed silent. So did Oleg, and the silence made Philip look up.

"Ruski..? What's wrong...?" Philip asked. The boy wasn't listening to the conversation, he just wanted to continue hearing Russia's voice, so the silence made him look up.

Russia sighed again and finally smiled to Oleg. "Thank you for taking care of him, we'll be leaving now."

Oleg nodded and looked at Philip. "Just do what you should do, alright?"

The Russian stayed quiet again, then finally stood up. "Right."

.

**There's actually a part two for that, but part two is a smut-**

**Anyway hope you guys didn't mind this, and if you'd like to request then please do, I'm very bored**

**It's okay if the request isn't Rusphil, but it takes me a while for writing another one-shot, and it might even turn out sloppy, so if it is like that then I apologise-**

**That's all :DDD**

# TrApS

**MaPhilIndo crossdressing**

**Ngl dudes look nice as girls-**

~

———————————————

*Malisiya para sayo is texting...*

(Malay)Malisiya para sayo: hey gays

(Indo)singapoor: Really?

(Phil)Saya punya kontol kecil: ey

Malisiya para sayo: howya doin

Saya punya kontol kecil: bored

singapoor: Same

Malisiya para sayo: woah really??we all have free time???

Saya punya kontol kecil: well quarantines giving us a lot of time sooo

singapoor: We should do something for fun

Saya punya kontol kecil: im down

Malisiya para sayo: hmmmmmm

Saya punya kontol kecil: u guys wanna play games??

singapoor: Ehhhhh rather not

Saya punya kontol kecil: then what??

Malisiya para sayo: well i have this idea.....

singapoor: Oh?

Malisiya para sayo: you guys still have those girl clothes of your nieces right

Saya punya kontol kecil: what

Malisiya para sayo: 🕶🕶

singapoor: Yeah..?

Malisiya para sayo: 🕶🕶🕶

Saya punya kontol kecil: NO

Malisiya para sayo: wanna go to omegle or discord and be a trap?

Saya punya kontol kecil: N O

singapoor: Lol sure

Malisiya para sayo: oh come on phil you baby

Saya punya kontol kecil: fuck u

Malisiya para sayo: baby

Saya punya kontol kecil: no

singapoor: You won't be a baby if ya join us

Saya punya kontol kecil: =_=

Malisiya para sayo: ☺□☺□

Saya punya kontol kecil: fineeeeeeee

singapoor: Hell yeah

Malisiya para sayo: alright!!!!lets video call after were done!!

_____

.

"Yoooo! We actually look pretty fine!" Phil said while admiring himself on the mirror.

"Indo, put more boobs in yours," Malay said to which Indo looked at his friend with disgust. "*No*."

"I can see why my nieces love wearing these, I feel so pretty," Philip said while still admiring his ass.

"I know right? When Jaja did my makeup I felt so special," Indo said while lightly touching his face.

"Wait, Jaja's with you?" Malay asked, just in time for the said girl to pop in.

"Hey guys, I'm actually patrolling around paman's place and decided to drop by," She explained. "And I came in to see him wearing *my* clothes."

Indo laughed a bit as Jakarta glared at him.

"Oh! Since you're here and we don't know makeup, can you teach me and Phil?"

The female Indonesian looked at Malay in amusement and confusion. "Are you three trying to seduce someone?"

Immediately, Indo said no while Malay and Phil said yes. Jakarta looked at her uncle and laughed and decided to help them out.

.

"Thanks Jaja!" Phil smiled while setting down the makeup kit. Malay was admiring himself on the mirror.

"Just don't put too much foundation," Jakarta chuckled as she curled Indo's wig for a bit. "Oh, by the way, how exactly are you going to seduce anyone without having physical contact?"

Malay snickered. "We're not actually. We're gonna prank other

peeps."

"The ASEAN family?" Jakarta asked as Indo snorted. "We already pranked them. Remember Viet actually falling for female Phil?"

Philip and Malay bursted out laughing. Phil knew it was cruel but it was one of the best disappointing reactions ever. Besides ASEAN's of course.

"Remember when Indo tried it on Portugal?" Phil brought up to which Indo visibly cringed. "Please don't-"

"He fucking slapped your ass!"

Indo sighed and hid his embarrassment while Jakarta looks at her uncle in shock and the other two die of laughter.

"Fine, why don't we mention the time Martial *fucked* Malay?"

Philip paused and Malay widened his eyes. *"What?"*

Indo grinned. "Your brother fucked your best friend."

Philip slowly turned around to his brother's room, then back at Malay's little box at the corner of the laptop. Malay had a nervous smile on his face.

"I don't know how to feel except fuck you Malay," Philip grunted as Malay let out a relieved sigh. He honestly thought it'd be worse.

"Alright, I already gathered a bunch of counties to fool," Malay grinned evilly when Jakarta suddenly intervened.

"Wait, but what about your voice?" She asked.

"Me and Malay have mics and Phil has his voice," Indo answered as Philip finger gunned Jakarta. She nodded her head and went back to cooking Indomie.

.

*Maria joined a call with America...*

Philip's face immediately dropped when he read *America.*

"Malay you fucking hoe," He mumbled.

"Hello..? Maria? Can you hear me?"

Philip smiled as sweetest as he could and nodded his head.

"Hello mister America, I really thank you for accepting my request," Philip said as Ame smiled back. "It's alright, if it's for an article then I'm down for it."

Phil wanted to use his voice so bad, but he knew he had to continue for a bit.

Philip suddenly acted a little bashful and shy. "Is it really alright for you? Asking about something so personal?"

America snickered and nodded. "Sure, my love life's pretty interesting."

*Interesting my ass,* Philip spat in his thoughts.

"There was a rumor around that you and Russia are-" "Nope! No! That's disgusting!"

Philip laughed. "I'm kidding, sir," *I know full well that Russia would rather make out with China than having contact with you*

America sarcastically laughed and crossed his arms. "Veeery funny."

"I apologise," Phil giggled, "Okay okay, the real questions are now."

"What about you and Slovenia?" Philip asked. It felt like torture hearing America answer, because to be honest, he didn't care. At least he didn't want to.

Philip tried his best not to look bored or be rude, because he didn't want to cut Ame's obvious genuine answer, but *my god* did he want to cut him off.

"...and that's about my relationship with Slovenia," America ended,

seeming a little bored now. Philip caught this and decided to press on.

"What about China, sir?"

America just shrugged. "He's useful to me, I'm useful to him. We're both materials to each other."

Philip was a little surprised to hear that. America noticed this and chuckled. "That really is just it."

Philip looked down and pretended to note that down. "Well, there's one more country in my list..."

For a second, Philip noticed how America's smile faded a bit. The Asian tried to stop himself from grinning wider.

"Oh? Who?" The American solemnly asked, as if he already knew who was next. Honestly, Philip was a little amused and seriously excited to reveal himself.

"Apparently, the Philippines is one of your list of lovers. Is that true?"

America had the same seemingly forced smile, but all Philip did was smile deviously.

"Well.. They're not wrong," Ame chuckled.

"Phil- Well, the Philippines and I did become official, but we broke it off," He said, cutting it short so he didn't need to continue. Of course, Philip didn't allow this.

"But why though? What was the *direct* reason?"

America seemed a little awkward and uncomfortable to answer this. ".. Sir?"

Philip watched Ame bite his lip, then finally sigh and let his body relax.

"I guess he just didn't see how I really was concerned for him,"

America muttered. "At least he seems happier with those... Other people."

A part of Philip wanted to scoff, but another felt genuine and a little guilty. "Do you wish to get back to this relationship?"

America was quiet for a while. While he was being quiet, Phil waited anticipatedly.

"Well, at this point, I don't think we'd make a good pair," America laughed jokingly.

*"Hell yeah we won't."*

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...

America stared at what he thought was a woman. Did he even hear that right?

"Nice to know that you considered how I felt for once," Philip stated, crossing his arms.

America still hasn't moved except his mouth, which unhinged the moment Philip spoke again. This made Phil grin.

"This has been pretty boring for my side, but at least I know some information from you now~" He cooed then suddenly paused and smiled.

"But I wouldn't mind having you with a few beers. We should get some after quarantine, dressed as women," Philip suggested. "You're still a friend, after all."

Philip immediately closed the video chat. He let out a huge breath.

"Holy fuck I actually said that.."

Phil stared at the laptop for a while, just to calm the adrenaline that

won't calm down. Finally, he cooled down.

"Alright, who did Malay set me up next?" He asked himself when just in time a call came up.

*Japan is calling...*

"Oh, thought it'd be China or some bullshit like him," Philip chuckled and accepted the call.

"Konnichiwa~!" The female twin of the Japanese greeted with a cheery smile.

"Konnichiwa ma'am!" Philip greeted excitedly back. He liked Nekomi more than Nihon to be honest, because he could seriously relate how their other twin is so gay.

"Now, my brother's busy so he couldn't answer with me, but I'll gladly tell you about our love lives! Someone finally acknowledged that!"

Philip chuckled a little and nodded. "Alright ma'am, let's start off with this. Do you prefer anyone at the moment?"

Nekomi thought about it and shrugged. "I mean there's South Korea but he's probably gay," She giggled. "Oh! The trio! Mal, Phil and Indo!"

Philip couldn't help but smile so wide with flattery. He remembers all their VR chats and dumb shit they did together.

"Is there anybody else?" Philip asked while still smiling and 'jotting down notes.'

"Hmm... The communists and I aren't very close, and China scares me," She laughed. "It's mostly my brother who talks to them while I handle the culture and entertainment, y'know?"

Philip nodded. "What about your brother, ma'am? Is he interested in anyone at the moment?"

Nekomi suddenly smiled out of nowhere and giggled. "He might

have a little thing for America.."

Nekomi saw the sudden shocked face the woman had, which made her surprised. Wasn't it a little obvious that her brother seemed to like America..?

"Ah, that's surprising, I thought you'd answer South Korea, or even North," Philip chuckled in a sudden sad tone that made Nekomi suspicious.

"Well, it isn't like he really likes America, it's just an interest I guess," She shrugged. "You know, you have a very interesting voice, ma'am," Nekomi said which made Phil freeze suddenly.

"Almost like I remember it from playing a game..." Nakomi mumbled while squinting her eyes.

"Oh! I remind you of someone?" Philip nervously asked. Nekomi didn't answer for a while, it was just her staring suspiciously at Phil while Phil smiles as confused as he could.

"From which country are you?" She asked. "I'm a Mexican, ma'am."

"Oh? Mexico..?" Nekomi repeated as if she was thinking to herself. She glanced at Philip then glanced back down, and even mumbled something incoherent. "Nevermind, I'm sorry miss Maria," Nekomi finally apologised.

"It's alright ma'am, I get mistaken for the Philippines *quite* often."

Nekomi paused, then she screamed and pointed at her laptop.

"I KNEW IT! I KNOW A TRAP WHEN I SEE ONE!" Nekomi yelled while Philip laughs his ass off.

"Wait- Oh my god, you actually look like a trap!!" She squealed. "Is Indo and Mal doing this too?" Phil grinned and nodded. "Of course they are."

Nekomi squealed in delight and told him how good he actually looks and that he should just be transgender, jokingly of course. He hoped.

"Well it was fun hearing you scream again," Philip laughed. "Anyway, I gotta go to my next interview~"

Nekomi giggled and bid Philip farewell, and they finally ended their call.

"Well, who's next?" Philip grinned. While waiting, he looks at himself in the mirror.

"God damn she wasn't lying," Phil said. "If I looked this good then I'd shoot a porno-"

The dial ringtone made him flinch and look down at the laptop anticipatingly. He couldn't have been more excited to see Russia's name on the screen.

He accepted it of course.

"Greetings, sir," Philip greeted, trying his best to calm himself down and not ruin it.

"Greetings as well, miss," Russia charmingly smiled back.

"Thank you for accepting my request," Philip continued while trying to contain his need to break into laughter. "It isn't demanding nor time-consuming, so it doesn't bother me."

"Hn, alright. What about your relationship with China?" Phil asked and successfully looked professional. Russia shrugged. "I wouldn't say that we'd be a couple, but maybe I guess."

Philip heard Russia mumble 'If he wasn't so attached to Martial,' and giggled a little. "What about Japan?"

Again, Russia didn't seem bothered. "Just an economical partner, no sparks." Philip nodded and pretended to write that down. "What about Germany..?"

There, Russia seemed a little bothered, but he quickly hid that with a breathy chuckle. "We were dating once, but we eventually stopped since it didn't really evolve to anything. We were both okay with it," He casually stated as Phil smiled in pity. He knew that

Russia actually did like Germany, but it wasn't for the best at that time.

"Hm, there are two left on the list," Philip said. "So, what about America-" "No. Absolutely *not*."

Philip bit his lip to stop himself from laughing as Russia noticed this and his eye twitched in annoyance. "Seriously, his people are tolerable but him in person is just the worst thing that I've seen in my decades of living," He grunted. "Let's move on to the last one."

Philip nodded and softly mentioned his own name due to the restraints of him trying not to laugh. Russia had to ask again and Phil said it clearer now.

"Oh.. Him," Russia mumbled while looking down. "He seems to like you," Philip mentioned, still grinning.

"Yeah, you probably get that from me being his target for numerous pick-up lines," Russia chuckled. "It's cute, don't you think??"

Russia laughed and agreed while the other wanted to squeal. "Yeah, but those were only for jokes. Apparently that's humor in his country.."

Philip felt a little offended, but quickly disregarded that and pressed on a little longer. "*But,* do you enjoy that?"

Russia smiled and snickered. "If that's what he likes, then yeah."

The Filipino lifted his hand to his cheek and smiled so wide out of flattery while the Russian noticed this and chuckled.

"He's just fun to be with, and I guess I also wouldn't mind being in a relationship with him," Russia stated. "He's pretty adorable and kind in person too."

Philip actually blushed out of flattery. "Really? So you wouldn't mind dating him?" He asked as the Russian blushed a little. "Well, of course. He's genuinely someone I like now.."

Philip couldn't take it anymore, he had to reveal himself for the

reaction.

"Aweee! That's how you feel about him? That's so sweet~!"

Russia widened his eyes as his jaw dropped.

"I love you too~!" Philip continued while holding his slightly red cheeks.

"SUNSHINE?! WHAT THE FUCK!"

Philip bursted into laughter as he saw the other's incredibly embarrassed face. Russia immediately went for the disconnect button to hide his embarrassed ass from Philip.

"Noo! Wait don't-"

And the call ended, but Philip still continued wheezing and dying from laughter. It's to the point that Martial came into the room to see what the fuck is going on, only to see a woman laughing so hard in front of a laptop.

Martial instantly knew that this was his brother, and slowly closed the door, so he wouldn't be reminded the time he thought Malay was a girl.

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**Wtf am I doing with life**

**What has quarantine done to m e**

# Baking (Rusphil)

**This whole chapter is dedicated for my hunger to cake**

**This is Rusphil but they're not in a relationship btw**

**Just bros bakin some cakes**

.

"Hi Ruski!" Philip greeted while carrying the ingredients he needs. Russia smiled in return while preparing the materials.

"So which cake are we going to make first?" Philip asked as he washes his hands and struggles a little to wear his hairnet. Russia noticed this and smiled, helping Philip with keeping his messy hair in tact.

"Thanks," Phil smiled as the other nodded. "Anyway, let's do yours first! The bird's milk cake!"

Russia chuckled a little nervously when Philip said that. "Are you really sure you want to do two cakes at the same day? Mine is very... Difficult.."

Philip waved it off and grabbed a measuring tablespoon, to which Russia told Phil not to.

"Eh..? Why?" He asked while setting the tablespoon down.

"This cake was made by my parents, so it goes way back, when we didn't have those measuring materials," Russia explained while grabbing a wooden spoon used for soup. "Well, my people have probably made measurements for the dish already, but I prefer this.."

"Wow, you already measured how much you needed?" Philip asked as he looked at the various cups filled with something different. "I didn't realise how much you love baking.."

Russia genuinely smiled as he grabbed a whip and the bowl of egg whites. "I'm not as good at baking as you are, but when it comes to things like these..." Russia smiled wider, remembering the simpler times when he and his siblings would try to bake the cake. "I guess the recipes just stuck with me since childhood."

Philip smiled too when he watched his friend whip the eggs with a nostalgic smile. "Sounds like this cake is more flavorful than I thought."

Russia chuckled and smiled down at the whipped egg whites. "Sunshine, can you hand me the sugar?"

Philip suddenly scoffed. "I *am* sugar," He said while grabbing Russia's free hand. The other just rolled his eyes and suddenly twirled Philip around.

This sudden movement made Philip widen his eyes and blush, especially when Russia pressed Phil's back against the other's chest while still holding his hand. Russia lowered himself to Philip's ear and whispered. "I'd love to eat you but I'll have to do that later~"

Philip's whole face was red once Russia let him go. He only smirked to see Philip's flustered ass trying to reach for the bag of sugar.

"You're so gay," Phil tried to huff to avoid his flustered look, to which Russia chuckled at. "And you're not?"

"Tch! I am my own kind of straight." Russia playfully rolled his eyes at that. "Says the guy who's been in a relationship with the gayest person I know."

Philip hissed and hit Russia with a measuring spoon as the other laughed and dodged it. Phil tried to hit the other again but Russia ran to the doorway to the living room.

"A chase, I see?" Philip growled as Russia smirked. They made eye contact for one last second then Russia bolted for the living room.

Russia was successfully dodging every attack of Philip while not spilling any foamy egg whites on the furniture. As for Philip, he grew more frustrated whenever Russia dodged him, and what

furtrates him even more is that Russia is whipping the egg whites properly.

"Alright alright! I forfeit!"

Instead of grinning in triumph, Philip growled. It made Russia surprised. "No! Not until I catch you-!"

Philip suddenly did a jump attack and almost spilled the bowl of egg whites, but he luckily caught it before the egg whites would drop. Currently, Philip's left arm was hugging the Russian's waist while the right was balancing the bowl. Russia looked down at his captor with a fond smile while Philip smirks now.

"Well there, you caught me," Russia said out of glee. "Indeed I did! Now on forth to the kitchen because I have an idea!"

The Russian couldn't stop smiling in amusement. If Phil wasn't being deadly serious or a teenager full of angst, he could be so entertaining and wild.

"How about we combine it-! Well, that is if you're okay with it," Phil said while grabbing the purple yam powder out of the bag. Russia smiled wider and agreed.

"Why don't we try it? I haven't really tasted... Uh.. U-byeh."

Philip snickered. "It's *ube*."

"Yeah, ubyeh."

Philip playfully rolled his eyes as Russia chuckled a little. Russia knew how to pronounce it, he just wanted to make Phil smile too.

"C'mon, pour the powder in. I'll tell when to stop."

.

"And... There! Now we wait!" Philip cheered while Russia puts their work to the oven. "Nope, not so fast," He chuckled.

"We still have to make the custard cream," He said as Phil huffs but

nods anyway.

"I thought those other cups of ingredients were for eating.." The Filipino mumbled as the other raised his eyebrow. "You want to eat egg whites?"

"I don't know, maybe you're the one who likes to eat egg whites," Philip huffed again as he took the cup of sugar and poured it into the saucepan. Russia chuckled and took the cup filled with egg whites and whisked the two together.

When the two were mixed enough, Russia added the cup of milk and whisked it in as well, then finally put the saucepan on the stove.

It was silent for a while since Philip was just staring at Russia. "What?"

"I'm sorry, it just really surprised me that you can cook too," Phil muttered.

"Well, I'm not very good at cooking or baking in general, just some certain dishes," Russia explained. "Unlike you who quickly learns how to cook and bake."

Philip shakes his head in disagreement. "Still, you're good at cooking, hand-to-hand combat, sparring, ruling, talking- hell even singing.."

Philip looked down and clutched his own hand. These were the exact same things he loved about America, but humility was what Philip prioritised, and change was what he *needed*. If he continued to be with Ame, Philip would lose his self-worth and importance.

And Philip ends up admiring Russia now, someone who's as great as America, but in a different and own greatness.

And that's exactly what Philip wants...

"Sunshine.." Russia muttered and raised Philip's chin up. "You're better in your own way.."

The Filipino widens his eyes a little bit and felt it water. Russia doesn't notice it at first, he was focused on realising how mesmerising Philip's eyes can be.

The only thing that snapped him out is when he smelt the custard's out of smell.

"U-uh, the custard's overburnt so we'll have to start over..." Russia nervously said. He felt embarrassed for staring into Philip's eyes for so long, and Philip notices this. It slowly made Philip smile.

.

"This has got to be one of the most detailed cakes I've ever done," Philip experated a sigh.

"Hey, at least we're done," Russia chuckled.

"I don't wanna eat it," Phil admitted while staring at the cake. "It looks too cool."

"So we're just gonna stare at it now?" Russia asked in amusement. "Wait! Let me grab my phone-"

Philip ran to the kitchen and the moment he opened it, he immediately saw notifications from Instagram, Twitter and Facebook.

"Alright! Get your ass out of the way, you're blocking the light," Phil commanded as Russia rolls his eyes and went to grab some plates.

When Russia got to the kitchen, he sighed heavily. The man slowly looked back to see Philip picturing the wonderful cake they made.

"He's very..." Russia mumbled. Before he could finish it, he saw Philip smile in accomplishment, and it made him smile too.

The Russian quickly covered it and looked away. He tried to stop himself from smiling. *Why are his smiles so contagious..?*

Slowly, he looked back at Philip, and that silly smile hasn't been wiped off the Filipino's face. It looked very proud yet genuine.

Russia's smile slowly came back as he finally approached Philip with the plates and utensils they'd need.

.

**I just wanted cake**

# More Incorrectness

**Okay, I gotta talk about schedule-**

**I'll only post around 1-2 days apart (If I can at least)**

**I actually have a lot of drafts but I have no idea how to end them so have this**

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

*"Before we take off, please make sure all small things are secured."*
Russia: Are you secured?
Phil: Fuck you

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Del: Soy milk is just milk introducing itself in Spanish
Martial: What the fuck is wrong with you-
Spain: Wait, he's got a point

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Russia: If we change 'I' to 'We' then Illness will become Wellness
Ukraine: Stop it

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

New Z: Daaad! Rica keeps stealing my toys!!
UK: America, why are you still playing with toys? They're for children like New Zealand
Ame: Well it says 'Ages 3+'
UK: And?
Ame: I am part of that '+'
UK:
France: Honey, you can't argue with that logic

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

UK: France, we need to talk about your maturity
France: *laying on the couch with Ame, Canada, Aussie and New Z all huddled up together* Bold words from a man who's standing on lava

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame: Raise your hand if you think I'm the greatest
Russia: And what if I don't?
Ame: Then raise your standards you depressed little shit

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Malay: I feel like strangling the biggest idiot breathing the same air as I
Singa: Mal, self-abuse is not okay

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Russia: Hey Phil, do you like me?
Phil: H-huh? No
Russia: Then why do you keep writing R + P all over the place?
Phil:
Phil: Well maybe I like Revenge and Pain

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Martial: Do I look weird?
Del: You always look the same
Del: Like you didn't sleep for a month and you just had one of the worst hangovers

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: I hate going to the fridge and finding out that I'm the only snack in this house

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Belarus: Hey bro I'm going to the store, do you need anything else?
Russia: My will to live
Belarus: I mean if Phil's okay with me picking him up

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: `I'm gonna inject red horse into my medicine capsules`
Martial : You're finally using your medical degree for something useful
Del: `Inject me with red horse`

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Kuya, why are you crying?
Martial: China died in my dream
Phil: Aiyeee~ It's just a dream~
Martial: *That's* why I'm crying

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Nekomi: What are you afraid of?
SK: Failure
Nihon: Then why the hell aren't you afraid of me?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

*"The quarantine is taking our freedom away and the virus isn't even that bad!"*
Phil: Look, I don't need to be a chef to know that I'm being served dog food, and your opinion is *dog food*

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Del: Why am I still single
Martial: *Shows mirror*

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: It's kinda cold. Ruski, can you hug me?
Russia: Sure
Martial:
Martial: What the fuck it's summer

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Martial: Okay, I know I'm supposed to be offended, but that insult was filled with so much bullshit that I can't even consider that an insult

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Russia: I'm not saying that I hate America, it's just that if he were to get hit by a bus, I'm the one who's driving it

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Canada: I just don't get where all this negativity is coming from. Why are you lashing out on me? Is everything alright at home? Did your girlfriend leave you for someone better? Did your parents disown you because you look so hideous? C'mon man, I won't judge

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Kati: So uh Phil, it's a great wedding and all and I'm happy you're marrying the love of your life, but I'm concerned about Russia's father. First he tells me that he got disowned by his parents, then said he killed a lot of people, almost murdered his previous boyfriend then started hitting on me
Phil:
Kati: Son, please, *I'm scared*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Viet: Uh... Are you sure that your brother's not trying to kill China..?
Phil: What do mean? Look, Martial's not wearing a military uniform, he chose the date instead of another meeting, he's talking so carefree and sappy to China
Martial: *Puts poison in wine and smiles*
Phil: He's basically in love

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Germany: I know that I have to talk to this therapist for the whole hour but because I have better things to do rather than acknowledge my mental health, I prepared a list of things that's messing me up

Germany: *Pulls out 50 pages of paper that's filled back-to-back*
Germany: Now go and send it to him I have to finish this document then drink and cry myself to sleep

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: You know I've been tying to find the beauty in life
Martial: Yeah?
Phil: But have you seen life?
Martial: Uh-
Phil: ***It sucks***
Martial: *Sighs and picks up phone*
Martial: Hello Amanda, yes I'd like to set up two more sessions for therapy

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Singa: If you see me punching a wall or strangling myself please know it's because of the idiots that surround me

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Malay: So I know we're supposed to be doing work and assignments, but I found this pretty cool 5 seconds DIY that we can try out
Indo: What does it involve?
Malay: A hairspray, a curtain and a lighter

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

ASEAN: There is so much untapped potential in this room right now. We could achieve so much more ideas, goals, knowledge and objectives. We could thrive to be better if you could jUST LISTEN TO ME FOR FIVE MINUTES

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Ame: Guys c'mon just listen to me-
Opressors: BooOo
Ame: Please I'm just trying to explain why you have to go to quarantine-
Some cunt: I thought you were the man of freedom?! Where's your

excuse?!
Ame:
Ame: At least I'm gonna be free from *dying*, shitface

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Singa: No, I am not judging you. Why would I?
Singa:
Singa:
Singa:
Singa: *Snorts and laughs*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Malay: I love you Singa
Singa: No. Say those six words that prove your love to me
Malay: I would kill myself for you?
Singa: You know what I'm talking about
Malay:
Malay: Fine. I won't eat all the Milo.

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: I'm so sorry
Some cunt: For disagreeing?
Phil: I'm so sorry that you are this much of a dumbass that you think you're winning this argument

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Canada: Hello 911, yes I should be arrested
Operator: Sir? Why?
Canada: I stepped on my dog's tail
Operator: Sir we talked about this

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

New Zealand: Ame did you eat my burger again?! I had my name on it!
Ame: Awe is my youngest bwothew mad?
New Z: *Whispering* Just you wait you greasy-fingered disgusting creature called America, I will commit revenge upon you when you

least expect- Oh hey my burger! Thank you bro!!

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Indo: Lord, give me patience
Phil: Isn't it "Give me strength"?
Indo: If I'd have strength then you two would be dead

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

China: First, we're going to stare at the sunset together
Martial: Then I'll shoot him in the back with a pistol
China: You're so romantic

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Russia: I stopped a murder today
Phil: Really? That's cool! How'd you do it?
Russia: *Stares at the window* *Self-control*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

China: Hey Phil, if you had to choose between saving America or saving the amount of money in my pocket, what would you choose?
Phil: Depends, how much is the money?
China: 2¥ (14php/28 cents)
Phil: I'm taking the money

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: I want to wake up with you for the rest of my life
Russia: I wake up at 4:30
Phil: Nevermind

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: God it's so hot.. This is why I don't really like the sun, I'm already chocolate and it's making me more chocolate
Russia: You don't say
*Later*
Ame: Dude wtf why are you shooting the sun

•*¨*•.ˌˌ☆*•˚˚•*☆ˌˌ.•*¨*•

Malay: What do you think animals think of us? Do plants think? Do they have a brain-
Singa: Mal, repeat after me
Singa:
Malay:
Singa:
Malay: You're not saying anything
Singa: *That was the point*

•*¨*•.ˌˌ☆*•˚˚•*☆ˌˌ.•*¨*•

Martial: Okay Phil you gotta relax, don't let the oppression get to you
Phil: The only possible relaxation at this point is being dead
Martial: Wait no-
Phil: *I'm jumping off this **fucking** building*

•*¨*•.ˌˌ☆*•˚˚•*☆ˌˌ.•*¨*•

ASEAN: Did the three of you seriously didn't hear anything I've said?
Indo: I've been zoned out for two hours
Malay: I got distracted
Phil: Ignoring you was a conscious decision

•*¨*•.ˌˌ☆*•˚˚•*☆ˌˌ.•*¨*•

*Phil and Martial at a school*
Martial: Alright kids when you grow older, some bad people will offer you drugs and cigarettes
Phil: So you shouldn't take them!
Martial: Exactly. Stab the person instead
Phil: Wait no-
Martial: *Shoot them*
Phil: Martial-
Martial: I have these extra knives if any of you would like to try now

•*¨*•.ˌˌ☆*•˚˚•*☆ˌˌ.•*¨*•

# From Eden

**Hi have some Katipunan x Spanish Empire lime**

**Also updating 1-2 days turned out to be a lie-**

**My brain can't function ahH**

**This might be continued I honestly don't know I just wrote this out of nowhere. Warning too since this chapter gets *pretty* heated-**

.

*Clang!*

"Why the hell are you doing this- *Why* would you even do this!"

SE manages to regain his posture and watches his opponent struggle to even stand up. Just seeing how SE could regain his posture made Kati even more infuriated, knowing that Kati himself couldn't even see straight.

With almost all of his remaining strength, he lounged forward and recklessly tried to stab SE, but has luckily, and accidentally, landed a punch on the Spaniard.

Kati almost cried out of victory and tried tackling SE again, but of course, SE's reflexes has immediately pushed Kati harshly away from him.

Kati's body fell to the ground with a cringy and painful thud. The amount of pain and ache he neglected a while ago was starting to backfire, weakening his body and his consciousness.

His weapon was sent flying to a patch of grass, far from his reach. He tried to crawl to it but SE kicked the weapon away and stomped Kati's chest to the ground.

Kati helplessly tried to catch his breath, forcing himself to forget the pain and to continue fighting, no matter how pathetic he might get. His eyelids were almost closing out of such displeasure and he kept groaning or moaning quietly whenever he tried to move a muscle.

SE watched his opponent look so weak, helpless and.. submissive.

Those little sounds of pain didn't even sound like pain, but SE loved it either way. This reaction made him press his foot even harder.

Kati hitched his breath, feeling the blood leave his wounds faster. He knew that he couldn't even fight in the first place, but he was foolish enough to think that accepting this one on one battle was the only option he had.

Now, he lies there defeated with his opponent stepping on him. He could feel his face so flushed with red, his sweat falling from every part of his skin, the blood oozing out of the large slash SE has done on his chest, and his chest dirtied by the other's boot. For the first time, Kati's felt like pleading for his life.

"S-Spire..-"

SE pointed his sword towards Kati's mouth, which immediately shut the Filipino up. The Spaniard slowly entered his sword into Kati's mouth.

They locked their gaze on each other. SE had a blank shade of blue staring into the other's shaken and miserable dark eyes. The Spaniard realised that his opponent was about to faint.

Still, he wanted more reactions.

SE raised his foot and it slowly traveled down to a certain area. He gently pressed and massaged it without breaking eye contact.

This was the only area that didn't feel anything, and now that there was pleasure to overwhelm it, Kati whimpered and tried moving his hips away from what's creating pleasure. Seeing how Kati suddenly grew embarrassed finally made the Spaniard laugh.

"You haven't been touched in a while, have you?"

Kati couldn't even understand what SE was saying, all he could focus was the pain and that sudden pleasure. He closed his eyes and tried to rest for a while, and as soon as he did, he felt the foot off of him, but his hands were grasped and raised over his head.

Kati's eyes shot open to reveal SE's face only inches apart.

Kati couldn't do anything, nor did he care. His whole body was aching and being weighed down to the ground and he's starting to lose conscious. His eyes fluttered close.

And the last contact he felt before passing out was on his lips.

.

Kati woke up in a daze. For a second, everything looked blurry.

He groaned and tried moving, but was immediately hit with such aching pain. *Oh yeah.*

Kati tried moving his head around to look at his surroundings.

*A large mirror? There's only one person I know that has such a humongous mirror-*

Kati froze in horror when he took a better look at the mirror. There was someone sitting beside him, calmly reading a book.

"Good morning, prisoner."

Kati didn't even want to respond, he just watched SE continue reading the book. Noticing how quiet the Filipino was, SE grinned a little. "Like what you see?"

Kati's eye twitched and he tried shifting his body towards the other, hissing at the consequence of that. SE set his book down and looked at Kati.

"Why did you spare me?" Kati asked. Just by moving his jaw, he could already feel a terrible sting from the wound inside his mouth.

SE suddenly laughed. "Oh, you'll see."

Silence came after that. Kati knew that if SE chose to keep him alive, then there'll be worse things that'll happen.

Still, it gave him a chance to free his sons from that prison. He will do everything it'll take to save his family and the future of this land.

*He won't let pain be an obstacle.*

"You know, your son really loves that bandanna you gave him. He never lets go of it-"

Kati scowled. "Stop talking about my son."

SE rolled his eyes and flipped a page on the book. "Fine, I'll just talk about you instead."

"You're very stubborn and ignorant that it's amusing," SE grinned as Kati growled. "Your death will be amusing."

SE scoffed in mockery and finally looked at the other man. "You really think you'll see me die first?"

"As long as you'll die first then I don't care," Kati growled again.

SE sighed and ruffled Kati's head, as the other scowled at that. "You poor, stupid little man."

"You're no fucking better than me! I'd rather be who I am than a phsycopath who thinks discovery is the only thing that matters!"

SE rolled his eyes and closed his book. He grabbed shackles and attached them to Kati's hand and the bed.

"Wh- Seriously?!"

The Spaniard grinned as he saw Kati trying to tug unto the shackles, then flicked Kati's head. Kati yelled and tried grabbing SE's hand, but since he was shackled to the headboard and his body was still weak, Kati retracted back in defeat.

SE smiled wider and left the medical's room.

.

A few hours has passed, and SE's reading a book Portugal gave him. It was a journal written by *Pigafetta*, one of the people who first came to this land.

There was a record of what the Filipino people would do and SE was trying to reread the book just because he wanted more information about Kati without asking.

SE groaned. There was nothing important, just how Magellan was so arrogant about the 'battle' of Mactan.

The Spaniard sighed as he thought back at what happened yesterday. He still remembers his sudden crave for Kati's body, and it bothered him until now. There was no information about what he was feeling, and he'd rather search for himself than ask anyone. It is strange to ask a doctor why he's feeling attracted to a man.

He didn't understand what he was feeling, and surprisingly, he didn't feel too baffled. He rather felt curious.

To genuinely and sexually like a man? That's not something normal. **(I'm sorry if this statement sounds rude but some people back then thought that homosexuality was some kind of illness that's what I'm going for I'm so sorry-)**

Maybe it was his hunger for power. Kati *is* a brave and fierce leader, and SE wanted to dominate that. He wanted to see him pathetic and plead for forgiveness.

But that's how he treated everyone else, then why?

"Hm."

Usually, this is normally how he feels about women. Usually, he'd feel tired of that and would immediately proceed to another woman.

But how about a man?

He had to admit, having genuine feelings for a man sounded a little

thrilling.

SE sighed and tucked the book away. Should he give in to his curiosity? It is truly an intriguing experience, and he didn't mind being a test subject for his own exploration.

"Well, they don't care if I did anything to him. He is under *my* command," SE grinned a little. "And when I grow tired of him, I can kill him in front of Philip so the kid wouldn't misbehave. Ah, a perfect opportunity."

SE felt satisfied with his conclusion and left the library. Should he court Kati? Or maybe force him into the relationship immediately? Or both?

It'll be more fun if he can toy with Kati's body and masculinity. He'd love to see Kati humiliated that SE treats him like a woman, or if he could get Kati to admit that he would eventually like SE's affection. Either way, he liked both ideas.

SE finally reached the room and didn't bother to knock on the door. He came in and-

Kati yelped and accidentally dropped the book SE was reading before.

"For fuck's sake Spire!" Kati yelled, embarrassed that he was caught reading the book as well.

Kati twitched when he heard the Spaniard chuckle. The Filipino was about to scold the other again when he was suddenly and aggressively pinned to the headboard of the bed.

Kati couldn't breathe for a second, especially when SE stared at him intently. For a second, Kati's eyes showed fright and fear.

Slowly, the shock was lowered down, and Kati was staring back stubbornly now. SE was probably just scaring and taking advantage of him since his body was weak.

But everything became more uncomfortable when SE leaned closer until their noses were almost touching. Kati remembered the

violations SE did yesterday and he instantly tried pushing the Spaniard away, not wanting to repeat that pleasure he felt.

This action made SE snort and laugh to himself a bit, catching Kati in surprise. "You're so... Feisty～"

SE grabbed both of Kati's hands and intertwined their fingers, then slowly licked Kati's cheek.

"W-what the hell are you doing?" Kati flinched, feeling flustered and worked up. SE grinned a little more and leaned to Kati's slightly red ear. *"Claiming you."*

Kati widened his eyes when he felt SE's knee rub his clothed private area. He gasped and tried to look away just to avoid SE's smug face.

"W-what the fuck- Nng..! Stop.."

SE didn't mind that Kati turned away. There's a lot of area to cover on Kati's neck.

Once Kati felt the sudden tickle on his neck, he aggressively flinched and pushed SE successfully away this time. The Spaniard was caught off guard.

"O-okay, what the fuck did you just do?! W-why- why the hell did you just do that?!"

Kati kept scowling and yelling while holding his soft spot protectively. SE could only watch the very red Filipino acting so embarrassed and angry.

When Kati finally stopped, he breathed in and out to calm himself down. While at that, SE finally chimed in.

"I don't know really, I just think you're hot."

Kati's attempt of being calm failed once he heard that. "W-what?"

SE shrugged and repeated. "You're hot."

Kati couldn't comprehend or understand the situation, so he just sat

there, feeling so embarrassed, flustered and confused of all his life. SE watched this and grinned.

He took one of Kati's hand and kissed it, he even winked. Kati immediately used this as an opportunity to uppercut SE's face, and did it when SE winked.

"What the fuck has gotten into your head?! Aren't you the one who said that this is a sin?!"

SE sighed in frustration and grabbed both of Kati's hands again and slammed them to the headboard.

"A little sin won't send me to hell, especially when my purpose is to discover new things," SE huskily whispered.

The Spaniard harshly closed the gap between them and luckily pushed his tongue through. He's relieved that Kati's mouth actually tasted like mangoes.

As for the other, Kati didn't want to give into this and tried to dodge any more tongue contact, but he slowly stopped struggling when SE started rubbing his knee against Kati again.

Kati tried to stop feeling aroused. He desperately clung on to his loyalty to Perla, and he could've stopped this right now, if he wasn't the one being dominated so harshly.

He pathetically tried to face away when they broke apart for air, but it only made access for SE to play with Kati's tickle spot.

The Spaniard gently bit down at the other and heard Kati's breath hitch. SE chuckled and bit harder.

"W-what do you expect from this..?" Kati breathlessly asked, whimpering when he felt SE's hand actually touching his aroused ding dong.

SE didn't answer and kissed Kati again while removing Kati's pants and underwear.

The Spaniard slid his hand down and slowly traced the Filipino's

thing.

Kati hissed and broke the kiss to breathe. "F-faster."

SE smiled wider and did as told. His grip became harder and he moved faster, making Kati breathe helplessly for air and clutch on to SE's back for support. The Spaniard kissed Kati again.

Because of Kati's lack of sexual engagement and aftermath of being beaten up, the Filipino's body couldn't handle the intensity and started trembling and clutching on to the other harder, even whimpering time to time.

He tried his best to catch up on SE but ended up submitting himself to SE's tongue and let it invade his whole mouth, and whimpered when SE kept licking the wound.

When Kati finally felt himself release, he moaned and clutched on to SE's hands really hard, feeling satisfied and relieved. SE growled a little at this since he was enjoying his make out with Kati, but nonetheless let it pass.

Kati was left out of breath and exhausted. He hasn't had sexual stimulation in a long time, and it felt like he wanted to faint. SE noticed this and chuckled.

The Spaniard removed Kati's hand from the shackles so Kati could rest properly, but put it around his ankles this time, just in case. SE looked at the exhausted Filipino, and left, deciding that the nurse would deal with the bed sheets.

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**Boom a failed lime**

**I told all of you that I can't make a smuT**

**Also I'm gonna give some facts about the guy named Pigafetta. It's really interesting actually-**

**>He's one of the people that went along Magellan's voyage, not just to find the island of spice (Moluccas) but also to prove**

**that the world was not flat (lmao)**

**>Because they had to rest for a while due to travelling, Magellan landed on an uninhabited island named Homonhon which is located in Samar**

**>Written in Pigafetta's journal, natives from a nearby island (island Limasawa) reached them and greeted them with joy, not with precaution. Magellan and the chief of the island ( *Rajah* Humabon) became allies and great friends after some exchanges**

**>*Those Spaniards and Portugal men thought that our bananas were sticks***

**>According to Pigafetta's journal, Humabon has a rival named Lapu-Lapu from the island of Mactan. The only way for Magellan to hear from Lapu-Lapu was when another chief (Zula) from another island (Matan) wanted to give a gift to the foreigners, but failed because Lapu-Lapu didn't let the gifts reach the Spaniards**

**>Because of Lapu-Lapu's ignorance and stubbornness for the power of the Spaniards, refusal of offering gifts and because he's an enemy of Humabon , Magellan decided to declare a battle against him**

**>Magellan was very arrogant and confident in the weapons since they were much stronger than Lapu-Lapu's, so he decided to send 43 men against 1500 men**

**>And there, the battle of Mactan**

***Rajah - A tribal chief***

**Edit: Oof I didn't realise how confusing the story was so I changed some parts**

# Short Rusphil One-Shots

[image]

***Song: I do adore by Mindy Gledhill***

**Hiii**

**I'm sorry for not uploading much, I haven't been really feeling well**

**Anyway take these short one-shots of Rusphil and this cute song that actually fits Rusphil pretty well**

**I'll probably write something about that-**

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"You know.. I'm happy that you're here for my son."

Russia looked from Kati's sudden statement, and saw the father's wide smile.

"Before you came, Phil used to be so uptight. He denies his health and really doesn't treat himself well," Kati sighed. "He wouldn't listen to us, not even to his brother."

"Phil was like that?" Russia asked with a small frown, to which the father chuckled as a response.

"I regret having a family of stubborn people," Kati joked, "But yes, he really wanted to be responsible and the best for us."

Russia nodded and continued staring at the framed picture of Philip's family, examining their poses, and noticed that the mom was missing.

"But ever since you took care of him, he began to look healthier. I haven't actually seen him smile so happy when he talks about you." That part made Russia snap back, and smile a little. It's cute just to imagine Philip's smile, but what makes him flattered was because he's the reason of it. It just felt nice that someone's happy because of you. **(Sana all amp)**

From the other couch, Del noticed the small smile and snickered. "If it'll make you feel even better, Phil grows a chamomile flower in our garden. Figured it was your favorite flower," He grinned.

Kati gaped his mouth in realisation as Russia tried to stop himself from smiling wider and looked to the other direction. "Oh..."

"That's your favorite flower?" Kati asked as the Russian slightly nodded. "So that's why Philip keeps putting it next to the sampaguitas.."

Del snorted and added in. "I once heard him sing a love song to the chamomile! Isn't it sweet?"

Kati laughed with Del while Russia struggled to laugh because of the flattery and fluster he felt.

"Alright we shouldn't embarrass Phil even more," Martial suddenly intervened, having heard the conversation from the kitchen.

"Where's Phil?" Russia asked to which Martial glared at Del. "He doesn't want to come out because several people here couldn't keep their mouth shut."

Kati chuckled a little as Del stuck out his tongue at Martial. Martial glared harder, then turned to Russia.

"C'mon, you have to pull him out of the kitchen, he won't budge," Martial sighed.

> **Chamomile is Russia's national flower**

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As Philip gazes at the photos of Russia's photo album, he smiled in content, seeing his lover's baby photos. Although as it progressed, the photos of Russia as a child captured Philip's eyes.

"Ruski used to ice skate?"

Phil's voice caught Soviet's attention, as the man turned his head and realized what the Filipino asked. He grinned.

"Yeah, even won some competitions. He wouldn't admit it to anyone, and to those who knew, he'd prefer not to mention it," Soviet replied. "It was one of his favorite sports, actually."

Phil smiled excitedly as he flipped through more pages. He could take his lover to surprise dates!

Another page flipped, and it made him squeal. It was Russia smiling so happily with his siblings. Soviet looked over again and chuckled.

"You sure love seeing my son smile," He stated. "Oh- uh, you've noticed?"

Soviet laughed and nodded his head. "You cried earlier just by looking at his baby pictures, didn't you?" He teased as Phil puffed and looked back down at the album. "Ehhh kasiii," The Filipino pouted. "He's so cute..."

The Russian was entertained by Philip's whiny accent as Phil turned the next page. His pout turned into a small frown.

It was a picture of Russia and Ukraine, both of them harmlessly smiling for the camera. This was the day they both first killed a man.

Philip remembered what his lover told him. Soviet pressured them into killing someone, and then took a picture, saying he was proud that his sons finally had the bravery to do this.

Philip shivered, seeing how Russia's smile on the picture was forced, and Ukraine's smile seemed like he was still terrified by what he has

done. It could be simply mistaken that Russia was struggling to smile since he usually doesn't smile, and Ukraine's terror doesn't seem obvious.

Soviet looked over in curiosity since Phil's face suddenly changed, but the Filipino caught this and quickly flipped the page. He didn't want to make the father feel awkward and regret.

The next picture was thankfully a picture of Ukraine in a wrestling suit, beating his opponent's ass, but the picture below it was Russia beating Ukraine's ass. But the best out of all, was Belarus in her own wrestling outfit, looking so proud and fierce, standing on a defeated Russia and Ukraine. Philip giggled just by the format of displaying the pictures.

"Your kids really love wrestling," Philip giggled, seeing that other photos are the three wrestling, then at some point Soviet joined in too.

Soviet laughed as he glanced at the pictures. "Russia was technically the best out of them," He said while remembering how Belarus threw a person out of the ring while screaming her head off. "But Belarus was the scariest.."

As Phil checks the other pages, Soviet notices how Philip's smile would never leave, unless he sensed something wrong with the picture, even if it looked fine. This meant that Philip knew the real background of the picture, and it made Soviet smile a little.

His son really did trust this person.

**>During the Soviet Union era, ice skating and ice hockey had been a very popular pass times for children**

**> Because of the physical education of the Soviet Union, Ukraine, Belarus, Russia and other countries they've colonised had a sturdy strength for wrestling sports**

**>The Soviet Union had the most wins in wrestling, having 253 gold and 93 silver**

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***Panicc***

Russia read through an old scrapbook of Philip, and almost spat out his coffee when he came across the latter's relationship with Brunei.

*Married?!*

"Phil! What the hell is this?!" The Eurasian yelled, walking towards his lover. Philip looked back in confusion until he saw the marriage certificate.

"Oh... You found that..." Phil mumbled, chuckling nervously after. On the other hand, Russia was confused and a little angry.

"But we met him a week ago, he didn't react negatively when we kissed.. What the fuck-" "Ruski, calm down," Philip tried to calm his boyfriend, and when that boyfriend calmed down, he explained what the actual case was.

"Look, Brunei and I were really young and we didn't know how complicated a marriage was," Philip started. "So, there came a time where he had to leave, and we didn't want to separate completely. His father joked about us getting married, but he took it seriously and actually signed a certificate, so we could be completely together once he comes back."

Russia huffed and crossed his arms. "And what happened after that?"

Philip laughed at his lover's jealous tone and continued. "After a lot of years, we continued it as a joke now. Y'know, since my people can't accept divorce so..."

Instead of laughing, his lover frowned. Philip scrunched his eyebrows and reached out to Russia's hand. "Hey, it's just a joke. He loves Singa and I love you."

Russia shook his head but smiled at what his lover said. "No no, it's

not that. I was just thinking, if you're... 'married'.. to Brunei, then wouldn't you have his last name?"

Philip 'aawed' and pecked his boyfriend's hand, since he couldn't reach his boyfriend's cheek. Russia noticed this and snickered. He bent down, but Philip scoffed and playfully slapped him in the cheek instead.

"Even if Brunei and I are married, it's still my decision whose last name I'd pick," Philip said as he smiled and cupped his boyfriend's cheeks. "And I'd pick my own last name."

Philip laughed at Russia's reaction, the surprise and utter disappointment written on his face was priceless.

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding," The boy chuckled, leaning unto the other for a kiss. Russia sighed and accepted it, eventually turning the kiss into something inappropriate.

When Russia was about to slam Phil into a wall, the smaller boy pulled away. "Ruski, I have to cook," He giggled, walking back towards the stove. The taller boy groaned and followed Philip, hugging the Filipino from behind and burrying his head.

"I'd rather eat you."

Philip laughed and ruffled his lover's head from behind. "Breakfast comes first."

**> Sulu, a part of the Philippines, was once owned by Brunei, but earned their independence when the sultan of Sulu helped the sultan of Brunei by fighting off a growing civil war and rebellion in Brunei. Palawan was also once a former part of the Brunei empire, but it became a gift to Sulu**

**The part where Brunei gave Sulu the independence is where Brunei had to leave the Philippines**

**>About divorce in the Philippines, they can't divorce by law. It goes against the family code of laws, and as for Brunei, you technically can divorce but I decided that he won't because it's a funny joke to tell your children and friends**

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.

.

It was early in the morning in the hotel, and both communists can already be seen at the main lobby, discussing something.

Philip was in the dining area, talking to his brother, suspiciously wearing a turtle-neck sweater very early in the morning. As for Martial, he was wearing a collared suit. It looks like he's constantly trying to hide something beneath his collar.

Vietnam noticed these things and grinned. He was about to greet and tease them both about getting fucked when Vietnam realised that Martial's bruise seemed strange.

Now that he was closer, the bruise doesn't seem like a bite mark, it seemed like it was a ring around his neck, as if it was caused by a rope.

Vietnam blinked twice and gaped his mouth. Did Martial attempt..?

The Vietnamese shook his head and decided to approach them already.

"*Chào buổi sáng* (Good morning)," He greeted as Philip smiled. "*Magandang umaga din sa'yo* (Good morning to you as well)."

Vietnam smiled back and turned to the other Filipino. "Um, can I ask, Martial, are you alright?"

Philip suddenly snorted as Martial flinched straight up. He tried to calm himself down and smiled awkwardly.

"I'm alright."

Vietnam's concern grew as he looked at Phil for any sign of reaction, but Phil was looking away, though, he seemed like he was trying not to laugh..?

This confused the Vietnamese, and looked back at Martial with worry. Martial shook his head sideways. "I'm really fine, Viet. Don't mind us."

Vietnam sighed and nodded, leaving the two to look for their sugar daddies-

*Did Martial really tried to do something?* Vietnam asked himself. *But Phil looked okay, I think he even laughed...*

Vietnam sighed once he finally reached the lobby, where he could see China and Russia. He was about to approach them with his finished paperwork when he heard something horrifying.

"Damn, you can shove a gun into someone's ass?" China asked as Russia seemed annoyed. "It isn't as fucked up as a choking kink."

China rolled his eyes. "At least I won't accidentally shoot Marsh." The Russian snickered back. "I always take out the bullets. For you, you risk Martial getting killed by a rope just because you think it's hot."

Vietnam couldn't believe what he had just heard. He stood there for a complete second, then finally came back to his senses.

"You shoved a gun into Philip?!" He yelled. "And *you* almost killed Martial?!"

>**Lmao**

.

.

.

.

**I swear I'll have to write angst at some poinT**

# GUYS

[image] [image] [image]

GUYS GUYS JUST ONE COMMENT-

NO

NOOOOOO

I SHOULD'VE DONE THIS EARLIER

I WASTED SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CHANCE

TAKE BACK ONE MORE VOTE PLEASE

Also thank you for 1k reads-

Really, this being my first book I'm really happy that people read this

I really appreciate you guys :')))

But please take back one vote and comment one more time I'd feel so proud to capture that moment

# His Secret (Rusphil)

[image]

***Song: Movement by Hozier***
**This song is a VIBE -**

**Also I'm sorry that I haven't posted in a while, I keep binge watching YouTube videos**

**Anyway warning : Strip clubs and weird detailed descriptions that I regret writing**

.

A yawn escaped the tired Filipino while he tidied up his desk. He looked at the time, then suddenly grinned and grabbed both an empty string bag and his suitcase.

"You're leaving already?" Russia asked. Phil shrugged.

"I gotta take care of my brother, you know? He can't handle Canada's weather," Philip explained as the other sighed and nodded.

"Well, I hope he gets better. Take care," Philip nods and leaves the room, unaware of the pair of eyes watching him leave. Once the door slammed shut, Russia sighed and turned back to his paper. "It's strange, isn't?"

Russia didn't look back up at the Chinese as he was continuing work. "What's strange?" He responded.

China picked up his cup of tea. "That Martial is apparently sick until now. With Philip's care, he should be healed since last week."

"Maybe it was worse than you think," The Russian replied with a bit of sass. China chuckled at this and swatted his hand. "Maybe."

Another silence filled the office, and one was thinking to himself, while the other peacefully sips his tea.

Russia remembered how exhausted Philip seems to be ever since they arrived here at Canada. Was Canada, or any other country, giving him extra work?

"Do you notice how tired he seems?" Russia asked before drinking his mug of coffee.

"Aren't we all," China chuckled. "But yes, he seems very lifeless when he does his job, and he becomes a little too happy when he's dismissed."

Russia leaned back at his seat and crossed his arms. That was what's suspicious too, Philip looks very dreaded when he comes to start the day, but as the day progresses to the end of work, Philip becomes suspiciously excited.

The Russian closed his eyes and shook his head, he shouldn't dwell on it too much. He shouldn't be bothered that Phil has something hidden.

China on the other hand, realised something peculiar. Philip sometimes brings that string bag, and even tries to hide it from them, as if he was ashamed.

Why would you need an empty string bag?

And Phil has suspiciously a lot of money to donate to his homeland and random homeless people here in Canada.

Come to think of it, hasn't China seen Philip enter a strip club? He didn't bother to ask and tease about it since Martial warned him not to. Plus, China goes to some too.

The Chinese puts a hand on his chin, when a rather disturbing idea popped up. Slowly, a sly smile crept up his lips as he grabbed his phone and searched directions to that same strip club.

"Well, I'll be taking my dismissal. See you soon," China bids. Russia nods, noticing that the only thing the Chinese took was his wallet.

.

The night has enveloped the whole sky, but it still wasn't enough to silence the busy people roaming around. Russia was among those people, trying to find the bar named 'Charity'.

China said that he's appointing a meeting there. Russia wanted to bail on it, but China has already made a reservation for him, which annoyed him the most.

"Why the hell is it so bright?" The Russian mumbled, passing by a blast of neon and blinding lights with whistling and cheering in the inside. Russia scowled at that and walked faster, only to realise something.

China grinned once he saw Russia's disgusted face.

"Ты блядь," (You fuck) The Russian muttered, trying to ignore the irritating yells and music of the inside.

"I apologise, I must've thought that this was a bar. Well anyway, let's get inside~"

Russia stood there, baffled that China had the *audacity* to bring Russia to a strip club. The Chinese looked back with an eyebrow raised as the Russian sighed and followed.

Even though this club was supposed to be seen as it is, Russia kept avoiding looking at the strippers and tried to focus on wherever China was leading him to. The Chinese suddenly stopped and Russia didn't even bother to know why.

Looking around, the club was slightly crowded. There was a stage with a bar just behind it, and both men and women were drinking while watching the stripper perform. There were tables at the sides that were filled with clients and sex workers lap dancing. Russia sighed when the Chinese finally turned back around with a grin. "You'll thank me later~"

Russia only looked at him with more disgust and confusion, to which the other laughed at. "I wish I could join you, but I've already had my fun. You deserve your fun too~"

A girl tugged on Russia's arm and smiled as she told him to follow

her for his room. The Russian was about to refuse and call out to China, but China already left him with the girl.

*Great, just great,* Russia huffed. *I am not in the mood for this.*

The girl noticed Russia's frustration and asked if he was fine, to which he sigh in defeat and respond yes.

Russia was lead to another hallway, and both sides had a few doors, each having crystal-like threads that bounced the pink, blue and purple lights of the bar. As they finally reached his room, the lady turned to him and smiled. "Here is your reserved room, sir. I hope you enjoy your visit."

As the lady leaves, Russia looked at the door one more time and sighed. At least it's just a performance, he doesn't have to do anything.

He slowly opened the door, immediately being hit with calming and light-hearted colors. The room was illuminated by shades of blue and purple while slight smoke surrounds the stage and couch.

There on the stage was already a figure. The figure seemed like a male since most of the females here had humongous breasts, and it seems like he's wearing a bunny costume.

Russia sighed to himself again, but eventually walked to the couch and grabbed the bottle of vodka, ignoring the shot glass.

"So, let's just make this quick-"

As Russia looked up, he became stunned.

*Philip?*

Russia's stare lingered for a few more moments, and he finally broke eye contact when the stripper raised an eyebrow.

The Russian growled at himself, why was he such a pervert? To think that he became excited with the thought of Philip being a stripper. He shouldn't even assume that Phil was one in the first place.

He shut his eyes and brought back his composure, then looked at the stripper with a nod of approval. The boy grinned when Russia finally fixed himself, and started the performance.

The boy gently grabs the pole and synchronised with the soft and mellow beats of the music, and in each snap was movement and sways.

He spins around the pole and lifts one leg, and the second spin, he lifted both legs and lands with his back against the pole. As he stands up, his hands roamed around his body while he sways to wherever he was touched, and he shows his neck off, as if he was being bitten.

Then, his hands slides down to his neck and to his chest, while he slowly goes down to spread his legs. When he slides down the pole, his right hand glides from his chest and slowly reaches down to his private area, while the other smoothly lands on his butt. As he stands back up, he turns to the side so Russia could view his butt.

The Russian relaxed himself so he didn't feel embarrassed by looking, and took a sip from the bottle. It bothered him so much that this stripper looked almost exactly like Philip, and it bothered him even more that he *wants* to fantasise this stripper as Philip himself.

Russia growls and tried to ignore that desire.

As the second verse is about to end, the boy gets off of the stage and slowly moved towards the Russian, their eyes finally meeting clearly.

Russia was a bit paralysed. The boy's eyes showed lust and had a seductive stare that he couldn't look away.

The longer the stare was, the more Russia became troubled. The boy didn't notice though, he still continued sitting on the other's lap while playfully touching the bulge.

The boy lead Russia's hands to his own hips, and lets the Russian explore his thighs and hips, while he rubs himself against the

Russian's bulge.

At this point, Russia was for *sure* that this was going too far, but now, he wanted to commit to it.

It wouldn't hurt, right? No one but him and this boy would know about it. Philip wouldn't find out that Russia would have a sexual relationship with someone who looked like Phil. He won't find out..

Russia looked back at the stripper with a grin.

"What're you planning here, babe?"

The boy mischievously smiled, which Russia was bothered by once again. Still, he had to keep up his cocky demaneor, so he seemed amused.

"Tell me, would you want to be fucked right now?"

Since his hands were on the boy's ass, he moved it closer so the boy was sitting right on the bulge. He moaned a little by that.

Russia leaned towards the other's ear, and with a husky and low voice, he muttered. "Would you?"

The stripper shuddered and pushed Russia away. The other smirked a little, and was about to get back to being a horny dominant prick, when Philip *finally* spoke.

"R-Ruski-" Phil stuttered, feeling embarrassed that he just exposed himself.

"T-this- this isn't legal.." He tried to say while looking down in such embarrassment. Philip really planned to just have *one* session with Russia and never tell him about this, but things escalated too far.

Philip was about to get off of Russia's lap, when Russia held his hands in place so Phil couldn't get up.

Philip hitched his breath. He didn't know if Russia was mad that he tricked him into wanting to fuck, but everything that he feels now was fear.

He's scared that Russia would shame him for being a stripper, and would find him weird. Especially that Philip managed to make Russia want to fuck without him knowing it's Phil. The Filipino looked away and closed his eyes. "I- I'm sorry..."

There was a second where everything was silent. Philip felt anticipation grow in him, he didn't know what to do. It would've been so much easier if China just didn't appoint this session-

Phil felt Russia's hand on his cheek, and felt him move his head back.

"Phil," Russia gently muttered. He smiled a little goofily and raised both his hands to cup the Filipino's cheeks.

"It's you."

Philip was confused, and a little flustered. "U-uh, yeah, it's me-"

Russia pulled the other into a kiss. Philip widened his eyes, trying to analyse what's happening, and didn't bother to kiss back. When the Russian pulled away, Phil was a blushing and confused mess.

Russia smiled by seeing this.

"So you're a stripper now?" He asked, his hands leaving the Filipino's face. Philip hesitantly nodded. "P-pole dancing just became a hobby of mine..."

Russia nodded, still not letting Phil off of his lap. "Since when was this?"

"I only started for a week since we arrived in Canada," Phil exhaled, trying to calm himself down. Russia noticed this and grinned, as his hand landed on the other's butt again.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Philip was about to answer, when he was caught off guard by the other's next actions. Russia raised his fingers in front of the Filipino, then slowly licked it, making sure his saliva was coating every inch of his slender fingers. Philip instantly looked away, but hesitantly

looked back.

"W-what are you-"

Using his other free hand, Russia pushed Philip towards his chest so the Filipino could bend down and expose more of his butt. Philip gasped, too surprised to react when Russia's fingers gracefully slides through his underwear and goes to the hole.

"Ruski-!"

The Filipino bit his lip and moaned softly once he felt the other's fingers slowly shove in. He squirmed a little to have more of it, and closed his eyes in pleasure. "Ruski..."

The Russian grinned wider and played with his hole, stretching it as much as possible.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Russia repeated, enjoying the little moans and whimpers of the Filipino.

Philip lifted his eyes a little, and tried to speak. "I... I didn't want anyone to.. ah~"

Phil moved and rubbed himself against the other's bulge while Russia fingers him.

Russia lifted Philip up and started removing the other's underwear, to which Philip tried to stop. Russia ignored Phil's weak attempts and successfully removed it.

"Isn't that better?"

Philip lays on Russia's chest, flustered and naked, with only the bunny headband to be his accessory. He knew that he would get fired for this, but he can't stop the situation without calling the bodyguards, and he would never call them on his friend.

Russia stared down at Philip and smiled a little. He lifted his other hand to scratch Philip's head while Phil enjoys being fingered.

"R-Ruski..!"

Philip slowly started to become desperate. He tugged on Russia's shirt while rubbing his naked shaft on to Russia's clothed one.

"What happened to 'this isn't legal'?" Russia chuckled, taking his fingers out now, grinning when Philip actually whined when he did.

The Filipino slowly looked up with such a needy face, his eyebrows scrunched and his eyes displaying such submissive plead. Russia had to stop himself just to admire Philip's pleading face.

"Just take me already.."

.

**I blame the song for making me write thi s**

**And if you guys didn't know, having paid sex with a sex worker in a strip club is illegal, and it could get the sex worker and client arrested, or the sex worker fired. Paid sex is basically prostitution**

**And the string bag thing, it's just where Phil puts the money in**

**I still still blame the song for making me write this**

**And I'm not even proud or satisfied about this fucc it's so blanD**

# This Is Incorrect Ft. Memes

[image]
[image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

***Song: FRIENDZONE SONG by Pink Guy/FilthyFrank***
***It's an incredibly deep song that I relate to so much***

**I'm also gonna put here a few ch memes and drawing I did because my friends don't like ch ;▽;**

.

Russia: Hey dude, what're you doing?
Germany: Eating a family-sized bag of chips
Russia: What? That's a small bag
Germany: Everything is family-sized when you don't have a family

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Malay, on a chair: The floor is lava!!
Indo: *Jumps on couch*
Phil: *Stares at them for a long while then slowly lays down on the floor like a starfish*

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

China: So can I visit your beaches?
Phil: I'm sorry but we just finished cleaning our beaches from plastic
China: Aaand what's wrong?
Phil: we're not welcoming another one

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Martial: You have to learn how to love yourself
Phil: What about you? You need a therapist too-
Martial: This is about you, stay. focused.

•*¨*•.˛˛☆*•˚˚•*☆˛˛.•*¨*•

Russia: You're a bottom
Phil: Fuck you-
Russia: Well you can't because you're a bottom
Phil: yOU-

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Innocent child, pointing at a pig: What's that?
Phil, smiling ever so sweetly: America

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: If you jump off a bridge and you yell parkour, it isn't suicide, it's a failed stunt
Martial: No? Technically it's still suicide
Phil: Wanna test it out?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Malay: Can you grab me an H I J K L M N O
Singa: What the fuck?
Indo: He meant H2O

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Del: I'm not really an idiot as you say, I just lack some common sense
Martial, horrified: HOW THE FUCK DID YOU EVEN GET MY SWORD ON FIRE

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Malay: If you're having trouble eating, just starve yourself, you'll get the appetite
Phil: If you wanna know how to trust somebody, commit a murder, see who your real friends are
Indo: If you're curious about the afterlife, just die

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Kuya you're bleeding!
Del: Naw that's just my strength juice leaking

Phil:
Martial:
Martial: *Grabs a knife*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Kati: You're cute when you're mad
Perla: I'm cute when I'm mad, hah?
Perla: *Grabs a slipper* *Well I'm about to be **G o r g e o u s***

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: My body screams "SLEEP", and my heart screams "NO"
Martial: What about your brain..?
Phil: It just screams

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

EU: Hey have you seen NASA?
NATO: If you're looking for him, just shout something incorrect about space. He'll probably come
EU: Okay
-Later-
NASA: *Agressive stomping*
NASA: WHO THE ***FUCK*** SAID THAT THE SUN IS A ***PLANET***

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Germany: What's the worst thing you did while you're drunk?
Ireland: Not to brag, but I don't need to be drunk to make the worst possible decisions

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Aussie: Daaad! America keeps saying that I'm an idiot!
UK: America, apologise
Ame: Fine, Auss
Aussie: Yes-
Ame: I'm sorry that you're such an *idiot*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚• *☆˳˳.•*¨*•

ASEAN: Singa, why do you keep talking to yourself?
Singa: Well, it's the only way for me to have a normal conversation in this room full of chaos

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Phil: Just flirt with him! Y'know, like how I do
Malay: Are you sure?
Phil: Yes!
Malay: Alright
Malay: *Walks to Indo* I like my boyfriend how I like my depression
Indo: Wh-
Malay: Fucking me over all night long
Indo:
Indo: Are you okay

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Russia: I've officially lost all my respect for you
Ame: You had respect for me??

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

SE, to Kati: *Our eyes met and you started running*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Spain: So after you pour the finished product, you turn the oven on
Spain: *Takes off shirt and puts on Careless Whisper then seductively looks at the oven*

•*¨*•.˳˳☆*•˚˚•*☆˳˳.•*¨*•

Ame: Do you know why I pulled you over?
Phil: Is it because of the-
Canada, driving by: *HONK*
Phil: Because of the-
UK, driving by: *HONK*
Phil:
Ame:

Phil: Because-
Russia, driving by: *HOOOOOOOOOONK*
Phil: Is it because of the 'Honk if you think America has a micropenis' bumper sticker?

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Phil: Should I date tall people? So they could view me at my best angle???
Canada: Idk, how tall are you? That can indicate which height is ideal for you
Phil: 5'4
Canada: You should date tall people because everybody is taller than you

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

Sweden: *Adjusts shades*
Sweden: Remember kids, don't waste your diamonds on hoes
Sweden: *Snaps and slowly puts his shades back on*
Thailand in the background wearing a diamond ring that Sweden gave:

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

**I also made a few memes-**

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

•*¨*•.¸¸☆*•˚˚•*☆¸¸.•*¨*•

**I actually liked the memes more than my one-shots lmao**

**Now I just need help with naming these Rusphil kids**

**I could name them 'Rusphil' or other mixed names but nO**

**I kinda want help with naming them, especially the boy since I have several names for the girl alreadY**

**Also, I made Russia's last name 'Ruthenia' because it's the name for ancestors/designations of the East Slavic regions. Ruthenia was a whole but was later on distributed into Belarus, Northern Ukraine, Eastern Poland and Russia. I found it fit as their family name**

**And as for Philippines' last name, Maharlika was the original name of the Luzon region when the Spanish came and renamed it Philippines. It also means 'Freeman' or 'Freedman'. It's also used as a last name by one of my favorite authors so credits to them-**

# Happy Pride Month! (Not A Oneshot-)

[image]

*Song: Everyone is gay by A great big world*

Guys, happy pride month!

I hope you guys are safe from harassment and cyberbullying, and please just ignore the random messages that might attack you. These are all about the recent 'Operation Pridefall', and although it may be a joke, real homophobics might think it's real and actually act upon it.

And I hope you guys are safe from the spread of the virus, and even though the occuring events are really, *really* awful, I hope you find comfort and happiness in what you do

Take a moment to relax yourselves and take a break from the events that are happening. Please, value yourselves and remember that you're human, you need to be treated well too

And be kind and considerate to others, especially now that America is recently on riots, and it's handled very badly in some places

Please pray and help for them as well, and also treat yourself as how you treat others. Be kind to everyone, and by everyone, including yourselves

Sorry if this wasn't a oneshot-

Stay safe guys, and happy pride month! ❤️💕💖

# It is 3 am please save me

[image] [image]

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

[image]

Look at this abomination that I drew out of that KFC dating simulator :D

Lmao I'm sorry for bothering anyone, I just wanted to post some practice art here, since I left this book dead for a while now and practicing digital drawing is one of the reason of it. I'm sorry for shoving the responsibility of having to see these-

edGe

not so edGe

This one's from a drawing contest back at October, but I didn't know how to draw backgrounds so I kind of gave up on it, which is pretty sad

Merry early Christmas :DD

Redraw of those two Rusphil children--

Another redraw from that redraw, now with names cause I finally decided on the names--

Also, I've been making a story about a countryhumans 'murder mystery', This is the story cover

Now I know that it's basically clickbait for a murder mystery, but I'm going to change the cover to fit the chapters, and this is the current one for the first chapter. The story's pretty much inspired by danganronpa too, and it's mainly going to be in Philippines' perspective

Okay, inspired is an understatement, I fuckin butchered the whole plot and squeezed it into a countryhumans story. I know what to do with the plot but I also don't know what to do with the plot, so there's that

And about this book, I'm not gonna leave it alone since I still do still have stories written for it, and I'll just post when I finish them. I think there'll be more uploads sooner though, since a long time has passed

tHaT iS alL

# Merry Crisis

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

Belated Merry Christmas :D

# My Time

[image] [image]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7Kcg7TCB-8Q

**Roses are red**
**bananas can split**
**watch out cause the story**
**has a yandere in iT**

**Edit: So I reread this story, and I never realised how *yeesh* the last parts are. Please, if you're sensitive to the topic of depression and anxiety, *(especially anxiety)* it'd be best not to read this. The story bases on a mental disorder and is in perspective of someone who has it, so you genuinely need to be warned.**

.

.

.

*It's strange...*

Russia stares at the monitor screen. The screen showed Philip, who was constantly glancing at the door.

*How he isn't aware of himself...*

Philip sighed and took out his phone, then for a split second, glanced at the security cameras. As his heterochromatic eyes bore through the screen, Russia suddenly felt himself panicked in that moment, either because this caught him off guard or this is simply how he reacts whenever Philip randomly looks at him. Eventually, he sighed and darted his eyes down.

*And how I still manage to feel like this.*

Russia's eyes went back to the monitor screen, and then he finally sees Singapore go into the room, greeting Philip. Philip smiled lifelessly back, yet it felt charming and cheerful. Russia wasn't sure if he was just imagining this or if Philip was naturally always cheerful.

Well, Russia would like to believe that Philip was really like that.

*I should get going*, that thought passed by, but it was washed away by thoughts of fondness. A shiver went down his body as he tried to push that feeling and those crippling thoughts away, yet he can't deny that he liked thinking like this, it gives him a strange mixture of happiness and anxiety that it could almost be called euphoria. He looked down, breathing in, breathing out.

Breathing in, breathing out. Breathing in, breathing out.

Breathing in... Breathing out...

.

"Morning, Ruski!"

The Russian flinched, feeling himself mildly panicking to see Philip opening the door to his office.

"Y.. yes..?"

Philip tilted his head a little at Russia's nervousness. "Is something wrong?"

That hit him. Yes... what *is* wrong? There's nothing wrong with Philip meeting him more often, didn't he want this too? Worrying over something like this is ridiculous, just stop stuttering. "N... N-"

He already messed it up. "-Nothing. There's nothing wrong."

The usually wan face of his flushed with red, with the unfamiliar feeling of embarrassment crawling behind him. Though when he saw the small amused smile of Philip's, suddenly that embarrassment was replaced by a rush of adrenaline.

"Are you sure..? I can grab you some water," Russia instantly shook his head, he'd rather not let Philip out of his presence for now, it's rare that he would be.

"Hm, okay then," Philip casually leaned against the table and placed the cup of coffee right in front of the other. "Coffee?"

Why... why is he struggling to thank Philip? Why is he struggling so much, he isn't like this. Didn't he get over how to be less nervous around Philip before? Didn't he promise himself that he wouldn't be so nervous the next time he meets up with Philip? "Hey, are you really alright?"

This... why can't he control himself? "I.. I am. I'm just.."

Philip frowned a little. Huh? Was something wrong-

"Let's just talk about trading tomorrow, I'm kind of in a hurry. I'll meet you here at your office."

Philip's frown turned into a smile. "Take more care of yourself Ruski," He said before leaving.

...Russia stared at the door, that feeling of joy slowly turn disheartening.

"Как... как ето?" **[What... what is this?*]**

"Он... просто оставил меня?" **[He... just left me?]**

The word 'leave' in his language resonated with him, sparking memories - unwanted memories. Memories that made his chest churn.

"Ny.. no. He's not-..."

Russia's hands clenched in a way he should've wounded it, and he might've did, but the scars of what has left him in wars refused to do so, and he hated the idea. The past that made him strong and almost immune to getting his skin scratched - he hates it. He hates getting reminded of the past. It's so much... frost. Too much cold.

He gritted his teeth. "Don't be ridiculous, I've already moved on from that."

Yet he knew he didn't, and that makes him obsessed with what's in the present. He's desperate for any sort of compassion - he's derived off of it. He's lost; He's still lost even by himself and he knows it's pathetic. Subconsciously judging himself, comparing himself to other countryhumans, feeling even more desperate and frustrated to see that he hadn't improved-

Russia let out a staggered breath. "Take care of yourself..."

He repeated the words Philip had said. Words that wouldn't have meaning without Philip saying it. "T-take...c-care..."

This... this is the reason. This is the reason that he allows himself to obsess. He isn't ignorant enough not to notice it, but he still wants to obsess.

Alluring, charming, caring... warm. Philip's different from the cold Russia's imprisoned to.

He never treated him differently because he was like this. Quiet, secluded, even intolerable and hot-headed, yet Philip doesn't mind and has somehow felt comfortable around him. Unlike everyone else, Philip can make even him feel normal and happy.

And he wants that now. He wants Philip's presence now. But it was taken away by *work*.

Russia inhaled sharply, "Tomorrow. I'll- I'll be fine."

.

The door swings open after Russia knocked twice. He ended up arriving at Philip's apartment. Why? He doesn't want to answer.

Once the door opened though, his chest tightened and made him feel the pound of each heartbeat, and something he never thought was *ever* possible, it almost made him squeal.

"Ruski?" Philip blinked out of surprise, with his mouth a little

agape.

Russia averted his eyes away in a panic to calm himself down. "Apologies, but I need to get this over with as soon as possible."

The Filipino rubbed his eyes and yawned. "But... But what else do you have to do..?"

The Russian really couldn't stop his eyes from stealing glances. Philip's messy hair, his baggy clothes, his *raw* morning *skin*. It looks so much softer, warm, luscious- it must feel euphoric to embrace him... Then it was accompanied by a hoodie that barely covers past his hips, he wondered if Philip was wearing anything beneath it. Truly a new discovery from the formal image of Philip around work.

"I asked your secretary and stuff.. she said that you aren't busy today," The Filipino continued with a sleepy tone, yet still caught the other's embarrassed side stare.

"Sorry, if I uhh, look informal," Philip muttered. "I kind of.. overslept..."

Russia smiled upon hearing that. So he was right, Philip did oversleep.

"But I guess... You're already here anyway," Philip's smile came back. "I hope this important thing can wait since I'm hungry~"

Should- should Russia enter now? Oh god, he forgot to plan further on than knocking on the door-

The Filipino suddenly, still gently, grabbed his sleeve. "Ruski?"

Russia gulped. "Yeah.. I'm coming-"

Phil then smiled and walked inside, still holding onto the other's sleeve, and let go once they reached the living room. "Have you eaten breakfast yet? I can cook for you if you want."

Russia hissed at himself for being flattered by that, but he couldn't help answering back a 'Sure'. "Alright! I'm serving pancit~"

A small smile found its way onto his lips while watching Philip's happy figure, one he wasn't aware that has. Being welcomed like this felt nice..

Russia walked over to the couch, making sure to fit in to the atmosphere of the small apartment. Closing his eyes with that mellow pleasure and comfort, and without being aware of it, he graciously sat himself down on the couch.

He never knew how nice this would feel. Just to have a moment with nothing much happening except Philip making him breakfast and he has to wait. This simple moment, this simple way of living.. he never knew how much he longs for this.

It's where he doesn't need to worry... about the details, the responsibilities, his... past. It felt like a brand new future.

Still, even with the content he felt, he soon noticed the framed pictures that were tucked in a small bookshelf.

A feeling of bitterness struck him. The moment where he became bothered by the content of those picture frames. Pictures of Philip and those two best friends of his...

He instantly rearranged it. He respects both Malaysia and Indonesia, even considered them good acquaintances, yet that was just it, and to think that Philip was in their place irritated him. To even be reminded that they were best friends, to even remember that those two words had meaning, made him disturbed.

*Philip really takes too much from them than granted. Indonesia and Malaysia were together too, so they shouldn't even have any business with Philip. Why should they matter now? They're outdated. From the past. Philip... Philip wouldn't care so much for them...*

*They- they shouldn't matter. Philip wouldn't be as happy as he is right now than.. than whenever this picture was taken. Philip isn't happy...*

He kept lying to himself.

*Right, they... they aren't so special, unlike... unlike me. I.. I'm different, j-just like... Sunshine...*

Such petty little lies he'd like to keep to himself.

*Philip... Philip is happy with someone else... w-why does that hurt? Shouldn't I already know this? Am... am I this fucking pathetic not to see that?*

He realized... how stupid he was. To form a non-existent relationship that had no possible downfalls to it.

*But... but he treats me differently...*

Yes, because you're a pitiful fool who can't solve the simplest issues of moving past your trauma.

Russia's eyes widened and started forming thin layers of water.

You're treated differently because you're scum. Disrespectful, hot-headed, to people who never even deserved to be faced with this ridiculousness. You project your desolated feelings onto others because you're too weak to handle it yourself. Why do you burden others with your misery?

Russia hadn't realize the grip he's had on the plastic framed pictures.

Philip would never love someone like you. Philip would never love scum like you.

"Ruski, can you, uh- come to the kitchen for a minute-"

Philip came from the kitchen - a little worried since he thought his friend was getting impatient. He became a little more worried when Russia hasn't responded.

"Ruski..? Oh!"

Philip automatically held the other's hand and gently opened the fist, carefully picking out the shards that crushed against the tattered skin. Russia's skin wasn't actually cut as it's supposed to be, it was only lightly scratched.

The boy looked up to the other's resentful eyes, still not moving at

all. It made Philip think that Russia felt guilty for destroying the picture frames.

"Ruski... you could've gotten hurt.."

He's pretty upset that the frames got broken, but he's more focused on helping his friend, since he knows that Russia was particularly more different. Aggressive outbursts, obsession for detail, expressiveless, and unresponsive.. in general.

Well... Right now was something that made Philip feel bad. He knows that Russia can't handle his compulsions, and now he feels really guilty for something he can't handle. "Hey hey.. Ruski, it's okay..."

Still, no response. Except the more obvious look of regret and anger. Wait, anger for what?

Philip furrowed his eyebrows at this and tried to think of something to lift the tension off of Russia...

...

The boy looked up with a devious smile, rather proud that he had the courage to kiss the other's hand. He didn't really have a plan to uncover from that, he just thought that something more stupid would outdo Russia's outburst.

And it looked like it worked. Russia snapped out of it. "Wh- w-what-"

Russia didn't take his hand away like Philip thought he would, but it started twitching.

"Wh- uh- w-why..!"

Ah.. did he go too far?

Fuck, he thought, while still wearing that grin. "Sorry, I couldn't help myse- Mmf!"

The boy was pulled into a kiss, a very rough and hostile one. Philip

widened his eyes and noticed that Russia was shaking.

Their eyes met, one practically tearing up as the other is so confused, and seeing the tears forming at the corners of Russia's eyes, there was something absolutely wrong.

Philip needed to stop this, Russia was shaking very bad, and he was even struggling with kissing. He needed to calm the situation down...

He sighed and wrapped his arms around the other's neck to deepen the kiss, purposely trying to dominate it. As Russia started copying Philip's tongue kiss, Phil slowly pushed them towards the couch so they both could sit down.

Some time passed, and Philip realised that he isn't being forced to kiss. It made him open his eyes and smile in relief. "Ruski..."

The Russian slumped over Philip's body. The boy allowed the other to do so, and even hugged Russia just to give more comfort.

"It's okay, it's okay... you're alright.. now..." Phil cooed to soothe Russia down, and it'd been working. Honestly, he felt nice to be able to hold and comfort someone like this.

As cuddling went a bit longer, Philip spoke up. "Ruski, if you need a friend, you can always call me okay?"

He was met with silence. Did Philip say something wrong..?

He suddenly felt the Russian shifting positions. Philip thought that Russia wanted to get up, and he tried getting up too-

Philip gasped as Russia harshly pushed him back down. "R-Ruski-"

That was when he realised the intimate tension being there. That's when he almost felt scared, not because it felt sexual, but because he's never encountered a tension like this. "You don't seem to be aware of what's happening, мой солнце..." **[My sunshine...]**

Russia delicately placed his hand upon Philip's cheek. "Would a friend do this to you?"

He trapped the other into his arms, never once taking his dilated eyes off from Philip's mismatched ones. "Would a friend do any of the things I've done to you?"

"Neither can your friends do the things I've done for you, really," Russia breathily chuckled while averting his eyes away for a second. Philip snapped out when he processed that part. "Eh?"

"There's nothing you should worry about now Philip, just sleep, I know you're tired."

"But... what about your schedule.." Philip furrowed his eyebrows and tried to get up, but again, he was pushed down to the couch, only this time, Russia leaned very closely to him. "It's alright, you're more important than meetings."

"B... but.."

By now, the Russian had snuggled himself onto the couch, practically hugging and trapping Philip into a corner so he could succumb to the cuddle. He's basically being lured in for a day off. Should he take it..?

He does want a break, and his sleeping schedule was constantly being fucked now that he's surrounded by... well, China. Being locked in with his brothers also really, *really*, slowed down his sex drive.

"Hnn..."

He's also worried about Russia's condition, no one can exactly revive quickly after breaking down like that. Philip looked up to check on the other, whose face was practically smiling with content.

It made Philip so surprised, it's rare that Russia would even smile like this. It unnerved Philip for a brief while then he slowly thought of it, was this man the kind of person who'd snoop around while Phil was resting? Would he also rather rest with someone he trusts than have another session with China eye fucking him?

And everything that happened already tired him out... He needs

rest...

Maybe... maybe he can..

...

... Russia smiled while watching every single second of Philip falling asleep. Every second, it was one of the most serene seconds of his life...

Too bad it was ruined by.. someone.

Russia stared at the hickey.

Then he slowly fished Philip's phone out of his pockets, and entered the lock combination.

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**tbC**

**[*] - That isn't actually the direct translation and isn't correct either since как means how, it's more of like an expression when you don't know what you're seeing or feeling**

# Announcements + 'art'

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

henlO

I'm gonna dump some drawings I did because of that previous chapter

And I finally got myself an account in Instagram instead of using Wattpad for art stuff. If you like Omori and CH (edit: I am now also addicted to Friday night funkin) stuff then you can go ahead and check it out, I'm practically addicted to both of them and that's the only thing my hand is willing to spare

Be warned though, I will most likely post whenever I feel like, which as you know is my way of getting that bag of milk. Anyway the username is certificate_in_crack

alsO

about that Walmart danganronpasized ch book, since it's a gift filled and made with love, I'll be posting it on Valentine's day ;D

# "Cheese Or Blowjobs?"

[image]

"Hey, Philippines?"

"Yes sir?" Philip replied to the older man. "Which would you prefer... Cheese or.."

UK seemed to hesitate, but he mumbled something under his breath and proceeded. "Blowjobs?"

Philip was taken back from what UK asked, and that shocked face made him chortle.

"Oh, I hope I don't come of as an old bloke to you," He snickered. "Well, I am, but I'm willing to be more confident to my step-son. Now, which do you prefer?"

Philip still seemed hesitant to answer, but seeing the look of warmth and welcome on the other's face made him reassured. "Well..."

He looked over at the plate that once had a cheesecake. "Cheese!"

This optimistic answer gave UK another laugh. "Of course, how could I not know?"

The Filipino laughed with the English man. "Yeah, blowjobs hurt my jaw, and cheese has a better taste!"

"....Pardon?"

"Blowjobs hurt my jaw sir. Doesn't yours as well?"

UK needed a moment to take in what Philip had just said. After that moment, he deeply sighed.

"AMERICA!"

# 해피 발렌타인 데이 (NK x Martial)

[image]

**Happy Valentine's day madude s**

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North was awoken by the sound of his phone. Groggily, he took it, and was about to end it until he saw who it was.

"Annyeonghaseyo," Came Martial's voice. North subconsciously sighed. "Why are you calling?"

"'La lang," North sighed again from that answer. "You're calling me for no reason at all?"

"Well.. I did call you to ask something. What kind of color would you wear for tomorrow?"

His nonchalant voice made the question a lot more weird for the Korean, as he snickered from it. "Why would you ask that?"

"Cause we're buddies," North had to chortle from that response. It's been a while to feel a smile plastered on his face.

"You're delusional," He whispered under his breath. "And you're getting better at insulting. A great way to learn English."

"How else can I learn English?" Martial audibly chuckled from the other side of the line. "Okay, but really, what color would you go for?"

North leaned back from his chair and stared at the slightly wretched closet, filled with uniforms he's earned and.. nothing else. Well he has that gift of clothes from other countries, but he's practically used them as rags or let moths devour it.

"... do you even have clothes other than uniforms and white shirts?"

"개새," [bitch] North didn't really direct that at Martial, rather at himself. Sometimes he resents himself for having this little, and he can't even bother to look at least a little more happy..

He snapped from his gloating once hearing Martial snort. "That's alright, I can work with white-"

"No no, I... I'm going to wear.." What color should he answer? He doesn't have a favorite color.

North then eventually thought of red, a color that reminds him of Martial for a reason he still doesn't know. He hasn't noticed how the color itself rose in his cheeks. "Red."

"Oh? Red?"

North grunted and looked out the window to look for a building he could buy from, yet instead, got his eyes lost by the silence of the city. It hurt his pride a little more, the eerie absence of Pyongyang being vastly different than cities from every other country.

His lips curved in distaste and made him quickly close the curtains back. He just needs to get it over with.

"North..?"

"What?" The Korean didn't mean to sound annoyed, and he's embarrassed by the sudden tone, yet he can't take that back anymore.

"..Just a reminder that I'm coming there tomorrow," Still, Martial sounds unbothered. "You better be ready～"

What came after that was a childish giggle that caught North smiling again, and by that point, he's forgotten about his previous resentments and focused on Martial.

"You still don't tell me why you're visiting," North huffed. "Ehhh, you'll see."

"Don't forget to wear red tomorrow at my arrival," North opened his drawers and grabbed the most of his small allowance and didn't bother wearing his plain jackets.

"Bye," North deviously smiled while ending the call. God, talking to Martial somehow always uplifts his mood.

Okay, he needed to concentrate to.. *Buy*... Some new clothes...

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He ended up buying a cherry red suit, designed with roses around its sleeves. It might've looked too romantic but that was the only good/professional-looking red cloth he's seen. Hurrying back to his office, he got a call from Martial- Philip?

North stared at his phone screen, both confused and a little nervous. He didn't want to admit, he's had a small crush on Philip ever since they met. "Hey North, do you have any plans tomorrow?"

The Korean gulped. "There *is* your brother..."

"Martial? You're gonna do him??"

"What..?" Was that supposed to make sense?

"Ehehe- Nevermind. What did you mean by having plans with my brother?"

Was.. Phil jealous..? "He's visiting me tomorrow..."

"Wait, really?! He didn't tell me that-"

Philip coughed to calm his excitement down, "So Martial's visiting you... *Tomorrow*?"

"Yes..? What is with tomorrow?"

"... Nothing really, I'm just surprised that he's leaving the country

for you."

That last line made him pause, he needed to take a moment to realise that Phil was right, why would Martial make this much effort for him?

There has his cheeks rose a bright red color again. He hasn't ever thought of it that way... nor has he even thought of it..

Was this all just a friendly thing? Is this how Martial treats others? This was how Philip, or any of his 'crushes' for that matter, treats him, and that's why he never thought that anyone would like him back. Would it be the same for Martial..?

North gritted his teeth through these realizations. He didn't like thinking like this.

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North couldn't help but glare at the helicopter that landed, yet couldn't continue that glare once seeing Martial come out with that happy face. The Filipino's smile felt like an infection.

And.. Martial was wearing as he promised... Should've he worn the red suit?

And even Martial's smile went away once seeing North. He should've worn that suit...

"Hey, you okay? You look pretty.. tired," Martial tilted his head. That.. that was cute. Does he always tilt his head? Why was he only noticing now-

"Ah- well.. I had a lot to do.."

North nervously faced the other away. He hates this, now that he realized how much he likes Martial, he can't even look at him the same way now. And he felt bad for not wearing that red suit. That's

so frustrating...

"And now you get to spend the time off," Martial's worried state was then replaced with a smirk, which caught North off guard. Why was he so smug about everything though?

"What do you mean spend time off? Did you come here for a purpose or not?"

Strangely, Martial scrunched his eyebrows, and sighed and looked down. What..? Was Martial disappointed?

"Purpose to see you, obviously," Martial tried to smile, but it was obvious that something was pulling him back. It was the shirt wasn't it?

"Ehem.. Just go inside..."

Martial nodded quietly and went ahead, while North had to reconcile his decisions. "씨발.." [Fuck..]

"왜 그에게 그렇게 깊 인상을주고 싶습저? 빨간 드레스 입을 필요 없어..." [Why do I want to impress him so badly? I don't need to wear that red suit...]

North continued muttering to himself. "그는 왜 빨간 드레스를 입고 있습니까 조차? 오늘이 중요합조차니까?" [Why's he even wearing a red suit? Is today even important?]

"이다... 그는 성난 나 한테-?" [Is... is he angry at me for it-?]

"North?"

"병신 새끼!" [Motherfucker!]

North almost body slammed Martial down but thankfully stopped mid-way, so now he's carrying Martial in the air.

"U-uh... s-sorry.." He tried putting the other down, but that caused for Martial to wrap his legs around his torso. And brush some *sensitive* parts. North had to keep himself from looking down or think of what position they were in- especially that he's holding

Martial's leg-

"North?"

The Korean opened his eyes, he was about to release a big breath of relief, but realised that he was still holding onto Martial's leg. He quickly let go and turned the other way.

"Let's- let's move on-"

North started speed-walking towards the building while Martial caught up, and when he did, North walks even faster.

"Hoy- ano ba!"

Martial caught onto the other's hand and it finally stopped the Korean from walking away. "North..!"

'하루가 겨우 시작 됐고 벌써 엉망이야' [The day barely even started and it's already a mess] North breathed in a heap of air right after that thought passed by, and didn't even bother separating their hands since his body already felt limp out of embarrassment. Martial for some reason though, kept their hands together.

The walk towards the building was silent, but as they finally arrived, Martial tugged on their hands.

"North, seriously, is something wrong?"

The mentioned boy halted, then placed his hands over his face. "What just happened was wrong."

"Why..? Your reflexes got better and you were able to carry my whole weight. It's great that you got stronger-"

"No, not that! It's- fuck, it's-" North cut himself off before he spilled it, and eventually, sighed. "Aren't you mad at me?"

"...for what?"

The Korean's face scrunched. Was Martial ever this dense? "For the shirt. For almost throwing you at the floor. For... for holding your

hand..."

"... I already knew about that, but I didn't think that you'd be this bothered..." Martial partially snickered. "Huh?"

"I know how... 'bad' it looked but I don't really mind," Martial then raised their hands and fully snickered. "And I'm the one who initiated holding hands. Don't beat yourself too much about it."

"But... what about the red suit? Why did you want to wear matching red?"

"Ahh, right. That." Martial nervously looked the other way and awkwardly smiled. "You don't have to worry about that. It wasn't anything important."

North bit his lip, but seeing that Martial was really fine with it, he slowly nodded his head. "So...you're not mad?"

"'Course not. It was probably an accident."

There, North bit his lip harder, since it wasn't. He *felt* Martial's thighs, hips, he would've touched his ass sooner if North didn't stop himself. And Martial's legs... they were pleasantly tightly tied around his torso..

North heavily sighed. "Yeah..-"

A notification suddenly came up. North flinched and quickly used it to escape his perverted thoughts-

"Oh..." It was South. Damn it.

He was about to tap away, until he saw what the message was.

'해피... 발렌타인..' [Happy... Valentine's..]

He looked up to Martial, who was still waiting for him to finish. Martial blinked when he saw the stare and looked at the phone in confusion.

North lifted his hand to his face.

"What?"

North didn't answer, instead he just typed into his phone.

There was another long silence, as Martial idled by North's side. He'd never seen North so interested in texting someone..

The Filipino tried inching closer, just to have a glance, and to his surprise North didn't move an inch. 'South Korea?'

Martial saw the message that popped up, and it was conveniently in English. 'Matching clothes are for couples'

"So."

Martial flinched from that suddenness.

"Did you... bring me chocolate?"

The Filipino snickered. The other finally figured it out. "I didn't think you're into chocolate?"

Somehow, North seemed disappointed. "Oh..."

"I did bring you a kiss though."

# My Time - 2

[image]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rM9V99VlgrI

**Disclaimer: This story has 2515 words, read at your own risk.**

**[Actual Disclaimer: T he following mental condition is simply to add into a character's individuality, n ot all neurodivergent/ atypical people act this out of sort or necessarily act this way. Just a reminder!]**

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Philip sneezed and coughed. God, his sickness is growing worse.

He grunted and looked at the baked dessert and teapot, and to his guilt, he pushed aside the dessert to grab the teapot.

"I need to learn how to decline Ruski's gifts..." Philip mumbled, finally grabbing the dessert and taking a piece from it. "Kinda weird that he'd give me cake after finding out that I'm si..."

He took a bite from it, then realised that it wasn't as sweet as he thought, it was simply filled with cream that made his tongue fulsome, and not uncomfortable.

"Haah.. maybe he does know what he's doing..." Philip took another bite, but then widened his eyes. He quickly took the basket and vomited.

"S-shit..."

Philip sighed and pushed himself back, cringing to feel the numbing pain from both inside and outside. Only a day left before he could go back to his country, at least he has that going for him. The boy huffed and dialed China. "Nǐ hǎo.."

"Tsina, where's my work?"

There was slight shuffling of papers, and to his surprise, China didn't answer like he would used to. It sounded more professional.

"Uh... right, your work. Come by my office to retrieve it if you can. I'm really busy right now..."

...no flirts? Comments? China must be *really* busy. "By the way, bring the documents given to you by Russia. Xiǎo shǐ [Little shit] didn't include me in the documents.."

Huh. That was a completely different tone from the China he knew, but Philip didn't mind. He happily complied to the request and left his office.

As he passes through the grand hallway of China's embassy, he noticed the security cameras suddenly turning to the direction he's going. That wasn't the first time that it happened though, and since it happened multiple times before, he thought it was normal - like some sort of movement detector.

Philip continued his way through the embassy until he reached China's office.

"Oh... wow.."

Ridiculous amounts of paper is piled up on China's table, as the man himself looked incredibly tired. "Hello, Philip..."

"Are you alright?"

China narrowed his eyes. "Does it look like I'm alright?"

He gulped, China definitely looked pretty bad. "I can bring you some tea, there's still some leftover from what I brewed-"

"No. Don't. I'm fine."

"But you just said-"

"I'm not alright, but I'm fine. Don't mind it."

Philip hesitated, but eventually closed the door and sat down in front of the desk. "Here..."

He carefully handed the folder towards China, noticing that the other's hand was trembling to reach for the documents. Before Philip could move, China had suddenly snatched the folder away. "Ah.. apologies for that."

"No, no, it's okay..." Philip tried picking anything up, at least something, and that's when he saw the contrast of the color black and blue from the other's crimson skin. Bruises.

Philip's worried eyes made China sigh. "I'm... sorry, Phil."

He stood up and gently went his way towards Philip, even limping at some point. "C-China, what's wrong with your..?"

The superior slumped over the other's body, yet regained his posture and moved Philip's face upwards. "I really need this stress reliever..."

"Wait I'm sick-" China has held him between his arms already, managing to trap Philip in. "Makes you all the warmer.."

The Filipino didn't bother resisting after that. He never thought that he'd ever feel pitiful for China, but here they were.

Phil allowed his lips to separate and entangle with the other's-

China let out a frustrated breath of air once someone knocked on the door. "T-Tsina.."

The knocking became harsher. "Wait.. don't-"

Philip caught onto the other's sleeve before he could leave him. "Answer me first..!"

The knocks repeated again, and China snatched his hand back without giving Philip a second glance. This made the boy accidentally topple the ashtray to the floor. He gasped as some of the cigarettes burnt his skin, but it didn't stop him from trying to pick up the ashes.

"Éguó, what are you doing here?"

China's tone seemed more casual... Philip glanced towards the door, and was surprised to see China standing up straight. How can he suddenly act like this from a while ago?

Philip guiltily averted his eyes to the fallen ash. He was badly concerned about China's well-being, but the other doesn't even want him to know anything. Should he just drop the concern? It wasn't his business to begin with.

"Ah, right. Apologies for misunderstanding." China glanced over at Philip. "Phil.. you don't need to reform those documents from me. Your business is with Russia."

The boy blinked. Russia? Why him?

"But.. wouldn't it be with you? UN gives most of our information to you," China sighed and shook his head. "I gave it to Russia. I was too busy to remember that."

He took a step back and sat at his original seat behind the desk. He looked as if he was expecting Phil to leave any time soon. "You can leave now."

A moment of silence went by, one in search of something while the other was an endless void.

"...I'm still gonna fetch you some tea."

Philip finally gave up from trying to get something out of China but still smiled. "I'll get you a snack while I'm at it too, as a sorry for... this mess.."

He giggled awkwardly, yet still stood up nonetheless.

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"Here!"

Philip placed the teacup onto the desk with a heavy breath. Being sick was turning everything into a work-out.

He looked up to feel at least a little happier.

"Thank you.."

This might be the first ever time he'd ever seen China smile so genuinely, so he didn't feel too bad that it disappeared immediately. "Go to him now. I don't have all day."

Philip didn't take his smile away, he simply nodded and went on his merry way.

"Okay... now that's done, all I need is Ruski.."

He wandered throughout the halls and coincidentally ran into the Slav's secretary. She lead Phil to Russia's office and was instructed to eat the soup on the table.

"I wonder what's taking him so long?" Philip said while staring at the now empty bowl. "Hnn..."

Another migraine suddenly spiked, whilst the feeling of nausea came back, making it hard to breathe and think. Philip barred his teeth and looked around for something. Maybe alcohol could soothe him.

The boy went from drawer to drawer, looking for that secret stash of alcohol Russia always seemed to have, yet found nothing but shady paperwork he never cared about. He was about to give up by the last drawer, but the sound of rattling stopped it.

The Filipino curiously checked inside and found a box of antidepressants.

"O-oh..."

He gently picked it up. "Anafranil..? Isn't this to treat serious mental conditions...?"

Russia even had anesthesia to accompany it. Philip bit his lip and gently placed the antidepressants back. He shouldn't even be snooping around...

"Sunshine? Where are you?"

"Ah-! Over here," Philip popped out from the other side of the door and awkwardly scrambled to get back up on his feet.

"Was that another version of borscht?" He asked, accompanying his friend to the desk. "Ah... well, yes. Did it taste good?"

"Really good!" Phil giggled. "Anyway, do you mind going to the bar later this evening, after our business?"

Russia blinked, then averted his eyes down and mouthed the word yes. Did Russia think he let out a sound at all?

Philip connected the antidepressants to how Russia was acting. Who would've even thought that Russia was neurodivergent?

Well, it did make sense... random angry outbursts, anxious more often, takes baking *very* seriously... maybe it did make sense. Thinking this only made Philip more concerned for Russia's well-being, as he knows that if someone atypical acts like this often, there must be something wrong.

"Let's go after work, I need a headache-soother," He chuckled. Maybe after work. "Now where's the documents?"

The Slav hesitantly gave the documents to Phil, as Phil tipped his head and went on his way.

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So much for the privilege of having less work. His eyes darted around the messy desk, pens and papers scattered everywhere. He's barely breathing now, and he has to finish this?

And to more of his dismay, someone knocked on the door.

"Sunshine, it's me.."

Philip tried to smile but he couldn't bother lifting his head off the

desk. "Hi.. Ruski..."

Russia stared at the other's miserable position for a while, then placed the glass of water on the desk and gently yanked Philip's arm. "You're clearly in no position to continue."

"Weh..? No, I... need-" Philip's sentence was cut off by an annoying sneeze that has simply worsened his headache. "To continue."

Russia narrowed his eyes. "Fine... at least drink this glass of water."

Philip absentmindedly obliged. The taste of water was so refreshing that he immediately downed it in one go.

"Thank you.." His eyes averted to the amount of paperwork he hasn't done, then back at Russia's navy eyes. He can't make it to the bar, can he?

"Ruski, I don't think I can keep my promise..." Philip guiltily mumbled.

"I thought so," He heard Russia whisper. "I might still be here until 10. You can call me if you need anything."

The boy smiled in content and tiredly placed his head back onto the desk. "Thank you..."

"Sunshine..."

Philip lazily looked up. "Hm..?"

Russia kissed him on top of his head. "Good night."

The Filipino couldn't comprehend what was happening, all he could do was feel comfortable and more comfortable with every warm touch he felt, as his vision becomes blurrier by the second. Slowly, his eyes had closed.

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"Why is Philip's recovery taking so long?!"

Martial shouted at UN over the phone. He can't take it, both him and Del were too messy to rule a country, and Philip's long disappearance was stressing them out even more.

"Calm down Martial, it's only been a month. Philip's condition takes a long time since it was neglected for the most part."

Martial gritted his teeth. "How long? How much more time?"

UN sighed from the phone. "EU says that it'll take another three months-" "Three months?!"

"Martial, please, calm down. You have to trust yourselves, surely you and Del can supervise the country for a while."

Martial glared harder, but he didn't respond. He can't.

"...why aren't you suing China?"

"We did, he went to court and lent you the money-"

"No. You sent it to Russia, and China's case is still postponed until now. You've always defended him but now he's crossed the line!"

Martial barred his teeth. "He poisoned Philip. A country. For whatever the fuck he wanted, it violates *your* guidelines!"

UN sighed again. "I know, Martial. We're all stressed. As much as I wanted to focus on this, ever since the virus, every nation now needs my help. Th people comes first, remember?"

The Filipino couldn't answer back once again. UN was right. "..The money was also used for Philip's hospitalization there at Russia. I know it's a stretch, but it's the most we could do."

Martial sighed. He just felt so...worried. He knew about Russia's tendencies to hurt, and Philip's naivete to help. He's seen where Russia's anger can take someone.

He also felt a little betrayed that Del has managed to trust someone he was always suspicious of that quickly, yet... maybe it was right, to lend Philip to Russia. They were both desperate for Philip to recover.

"Look, Martial, we'll let you visit Philip once the virus isn't so big. It'll probably take a few months." UN prepared himself for another shouting, yet quietly sighed in relief when he heard Martial sighing this time.

"..fine. Alright, we'll.. we'll wait. Goodbye."

He bit his lip once the call ended. He himself didn't know why Russia was prolonging this.

It's reached to a point that even America was getting suspicious. If that capitalist gives ASEAN a chance to voice this concern in his own platform, the whole world will turn their eyes on this. "Why *is* Russia taking this long?"

UN directed this question to the secretary. She pointed at the folder that UN was holding.

"No- I mean-" The union sighed. "What does he want? He keeps drugging Philip with his own medication and frames China for doing this. He even disguises this hostage as hospitalizing Philip. What is he trying to achieve?"

UN's voice was turning desperate. He admits, he's actually worried for Philip's well-being, the overdose in drugs, especially anafranil, is fatal, even to a countryhuman.

"He's..." The secretary was hesitant.

"What? He wants Philip's country? Government? Philip's- His alliances with ASEAN and America?"

To his surprise, the secretary shook her head.

"Then what? What can he possibly want from a small country across the various amounts of other countries?"

UN watched the secretary shift her position. "...Him."

"What?-"

"*Philippines*. He wants president Philippine Maharlika himself."

A long pause had occured between the humanoid and human, an astonished one.

"No... no, you can't be...that can't be the truth, right? He wouldn't go this far just to kidnap someone *irrelevant*.. to him..?"

The secretary sadly shook her head again. "Sir, why do you think he requires strict medication?"

UN looked back at her in horror. "..OCD... He has severe OCD.."

The woman nodded. "And he hasn't been taking that medication. I've tried telling him, but he either ignores or threatens me..."

UN knitted his eyebrows in concern.

"That's why we've been afraid to consult him. Not a single one of the politicians could approach him in this state, so it was eventually neglected. The strange thing is, his performance and well-being turned better once he stopped taking the medications. Meeting with president Philippines boosts his serotonin."

"That's why none of you decided to take action?" The secretary nodded to UN's question.

"He seemed so happy, but... we weren't aware that the president was poisoning his own comrade... I... I didn't think the food he made had clomipramine.."

The secretary seemed so genuinely disturbed, and UN understands. He knew what Russia has to deal with everyday, mental suffering and imagery, forced obscure thoughts, so to see him genuinely happy with someone felt enlightening in itself.

"It's alright, I don't think anyone would've guessed that. Russia is very rarely this generous to give someone the things he bakes, to

think that it's for something...like this."

The Union sighed and waved his hand for the secretary to leave. "Oh, wait."

The secretary looked back. "Please, tell me if he'll go overboard, and that he keeps his promise of releasing Philip."

The secretary nodded and proceeded to leave, as UN stared at her disappearing figure. "Great...what am I going to do..?"

"A country had actually used his power for his own desire that isn't about the country itself... Do I still need to cover him up?"

""E..even when he's deliberately damaging a *countryhuman's* health..?"

He thought about it, then thought of the potential threats he could have of losing Russia's trust and alliance. UN hastily sighed.

# Merry Crisis Pt. 2

It looks a little incomplete, and that's due to my laptop erasing some parts of my progress. Sad, but I managed to get this out :')

Anyway Merry Christmas!

# QnA w/ RusPhil

[image]

**One fine afternoon, an organization of journalists forced both Russia and Philippine to be in an interview about their relationship, so they can analyze what sort of relationship the two have developed. The organization however were nice, so the couple decided to kick it back and answer casually/ truthfully, and pretended to be held against their will in case they're tracked down by their governments.**

**Questions are made by any of these apart the organization - anyone could ask a question in just this moment. And so, the questioning begins here... [please give me questions I'm incredibly uncreative. Also b oth are being questioned separately in different times of the day]**

**1. What was the weirdest thing you've seen your partner done?**

"Standing up sleeping. As in- There was one time where we were waiting in a line, right? We had to stand up the whole time. And then I look over to check on him and found him snoring. *He was actually snoring.* He keeps telling me that he's just used to it but-! Ah, jeez."

*"Uh- Sir, I believe that..isn't that a serious health condition?"*

"It doesn't take a medic to know that it's serious, but- God, I'm just glad I actually am a medic and know how to take his medical issues seriously.."

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"I've seen Philip...talking to my cat. Many times. Not talking, he just...meows back, and he even meows angrily if he's angry. I

wouldn't consider it weird now but it was definitely something the first time I heard it. Oh and, he likes lying down with Sobaka (the cat) on the floor."

*"Sounds like you have two cats."*

"Philip does like to cu...hug, on impulse. He does a lot of sweet things on impulse..."

*"Like..cuddling?"*

"Hugging."

*"We'll go with cuddling."*

**2. What did you think of each other before meeting?**

"Ah, well, I'm not gonna lie that I haven't thought much about him. I only met him once before in my travels during the Spanish reign, and he was actually a lot more open back then. After that, I just kind of thought of him as someone nice to be around. Not as passionate like Rica was back then, or avoidant like Namnam. Just nice."

*"You've already met him?"*

"Mhm. Back at the 1870's, 60's - I dunno. All I know's that I was a guest in the Kremlin Palace."

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"'Before'? I've never really met him before, but from what my father, Germany and Spain have said, they've all told me that he was a playboy that likes to drink."

*"..oh, that was the unexpected description. Did it change after meeting him?"*

"Well, at the surface he did seem as so. Whenever I saw him, he was around a bunch of ladies. It made me think that he was someone shallow. Boy, was I wrong."

**3. What did you think of each other when you did meet?**

"Well, as I said, we first met at the Kremlin palace, and unsurprisingly he was hogged by a bunch of other people; countryhumans and humans alike. He was probably the center of attention, and he always looked visibly uncomfortable by it. His dad wasn't any better too...they both looked like talking to people was the hardest thing to tolerate in their lives. So I didn't try to talk to them."

"But..did you two interact?"

"Oh, yeah. I coincidentally met him outside of the palace. It was a one-in-a-million chance that we both wanted a break out of socializing, and we got to talk about things."

*"What did you two talk about?"*

"Ehm...well, it was racism, classism and religion."

*"Oh..."*

"Yeah, probably not things we should go over here."

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"...he was small."

*"Really?"*

"Well, I was told that he was a ladies' man so I didn't expect him to be *that* short. And, by small...I didn't think about it then, but I found him cute. The baby face really helped."

*"Did you two interact?"*

"..."

*"..sir?"*

"Gh..Какого хрена мне смущаться? I can do this..."

"I..I was intrigued. The first time we've met. Even though he looked just about half my age, he was evidently much wiser than me. And at the time, I resented him for it. Probably because I wasn't as wise as him..."

*"Minister Philip mentioned that you two talked about racism and classism. Is that true?"*

"..yes. We had some disagreements, but at that time, I didn't realize just how patient he was to listen to someone as hot-headed as me. If it were anyone else, they would've degraded me for my views at that point, but Philip...just didn't. That was supposed to be an argument, yet he made it feel more like a conversation. I wish I appreciated it more back then."

**4. What is it that made you like him at first?**

"Ah...what made me feel interested was because he's a lot more awkward than you think. He's also just..a nice person to be around. Then that evolved, and evolved...and what eventually made me like him is...God, this is cheesy."

*"Sir?"*

"I just like him. That's all."

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"Because he's honest and genuine, unlike most people - even me."

*"How can you say that?"*

"You met him."

*"Well, yes, but we're asking you sir."*

"...he just is, and that's why I really like him. I can trust him. He's..simple, too. There isn't much to our relationship except that it's simple, and I like it that way..."

**5. Did you ever expect yourself to be in a relationship with him?**

"Ah...no- I ahaha, things were very complicated at the time, since..well, that was during the time the 'Breaking' happened."

"The time you and America separated?"

"Yes. And at that time, I had someone else in mind. But..well, I got rejected, ironically enough. So I was going through a rollercaoster, and while I wouldn't say he was always there for me..he was there for me enough. And eventually, I overcame it."

*"So..who was that 'someone else'?"*

"..it was Namnam..."

*"Namnam? Is that a human?"*

"You'll figure it out."

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"..no. I honestly never thought to be attracted to him, but the longer we spent time...heh, it's strange. I would've thought that someone as pretentiously kind as him wouldn't peek my interest."

*"What do you mean by that?"*

"Well, I used to believe that anyone in the position of a countryhuman can't ever be kind simply because of the..things, we have to go through. So every time I see a 'kind' countryhuman, I automatically think of he or she as...two-faced; a liar."

*"You couldn't believe that anyone in your position could be kind? At all?"*

"Yes. And I thought it was honest if a counrtryhuman was being cruel..."

*"Isn't that a bit..?"*

"..it is. After meeting Philip, I realized that I was just too accustomed to...unsavory, events. It went to the point that I thought it was normal for a countryhuman to be cruel."

**6. How did your first meeting (date) go?**

"Oh..'meeting', huh? We've never had an official 'meeting'. Though the first time it felt like it was when we baked together. Ruski might not think of it this way, and at the time, we still considered each other as friends."

*"So, what made you think of it as the first 'meeting'?"*

"We had fun! It was the first time I've seen him enjoy something with me, so I count it as a 'meeting'. I also got to know him a lot better after that."

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"We always have meetings at the committee."

*"No, sir, we meant a one-on-one meeting."*

"..huh? A what? That's not possible.."

*"Sir, a casual one-on-one meeting."*

"Casual?"

*"What do you call when two people are alone on their will just to spend time together?"*

"..that..that's not...did you mean a date?"

*"So much for discreetness."*

"*sigh* If you meant a date, we...we never actually have been on one.."

*"So you're not dating?"*

"No, I meant that we never confirmed it as dates, but..technically,

and traditionally, yes, we've been on dates."

*"Example?"*

"No."

*"Okay then."*

**7. What made you start/accept this relationship?**

"Oh..well, we didn't exactly start, nor accept it..."

*"What?"*

"Ah- God, you're just writing things down, right? No videos, just traditional noting?"

*"..yes?"*

"Good. Okay...so, as countryhumans, two males too, this is very much taboo. Especially for one to be in a previously hectic relationship with another male, and the other to have recent controversies about gay relationships. When you combine the two together..."

*"...disaster?"*

"Yes. So...we didn't know how to go about it. Ruski wanted to get it over with quickly, though it's..as much as I don't trust my own judgement, it was...obvious, that it won't just end that quickly for him. And yet I also knew that we'd be forced to end it quickly too.."

"..but somehow..everything went along fine. I was also fine. Now that I think back on it, maybe it was because I just...stopped caring about the romance. I already forced myself not to get involved romantically, so it was..kind of easy just focusing more on..being there for him, you know? Just..no spark, no romance..just..."

*"..love?"*

"Uh- I..I guess? Love isn't just romantic after all...huh, maybe that's

why our governments didn't intervene. They must've thought that this love wasn't done out of romance. Which, well..they're partially right..."

*"Partially?"*

"Agh, god...yes, partially. I was attracted to him, and I did want to be more invested in his life. But...that time? I really just wanted him to be happy."

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"..I..."

*"...sir?"*

"..I'll be honest, I don't know why I did that. I knew the relationship would die. Love isn't as immortal as our lives."

*"Quite pessimistic..."*

"Try to be in my position, human. You'll start to get used to pessimism quick."

"..though...it does make optimism feel better than it should be..."

*"..like a drug?"*

"Perhaps."

*"Is that how'd you describe your relationship with Minister Philip?"*

"..no. *I* treat it like a drug, which shouldn't be how Philip's affection should be treated. I..I really don't deserve him, don't I? He deserves much more than my shitty ass."

*"Then why would you offer the idea of the relationship?"*

"The same way addicts die from overdosing."

*"...oh, jeez, that's dark."*

"You've kidnapped two highly regarded officials; this is not going to

be the darkest bit you'll witness in just a few days."

*"You underestimate the FIRE association."*

"The.. 'Fangirls' investigative, researching and exploratory association'?"

*"Indeed."*

"..we'll see about that."

**8. Why would you continue this relationship?**

"...because I love him."

*"Elaborate?"*

"..*laughter* Elaborate? Hah..you humans surely are meticulous...I don't really need to elaborate why one should love someone. It's much more simple than you think."

*"Simple how?"*

"Simple, like...you meet with someone you just so happened to enjoy your time with, you start hanging out a lot more, you start to realize just how..nice, this person is. The more you find out, the more you..start to care... And there we go. Just that feeling that you care about someone equates to..what you would call as love."

*"..but what if you love someone as a brother?"*

"Oh, that'd be different. Usually if it's romantic, you'd also feel physically attracted to that someone."

*"Is that so?"*

"Well, I think so anyway. I could be wrong, so you don't have to take my words so seriously."

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"..."

*"...sir?"*

"Wouldn't it be obvious as to why an individual would continue a relationship?"

*"Well, yes, but we want to see the psychological reactions this question gives us. And you almost teared up...so it's a success. Actually, why did you look like you were about to cry?"*

"You really had to say that out loud? Боже, черт возьми..."

*"..so?"*

"Eyes typically have a barrier of water to keep it from drying, otherwise it would damage the cornea; and that barrier of water is usually overshadowed so we tend to not think much of it. Though, when the angle of the head changed, more light might bounce off of it and reveal that watery consistency. And it just so happened that I moved my head to a different position while the question was asked, so you must've just seen a glimmer of reflected light on my eyes."

*"Ohoho, you had one fatal flaw..."*

"What is it now?"

*"You moved your head down . And that particular movement...accompanied by a sigh and a frown...that would be an indication of guilt. So that means you were guilty of continuing this relationship.."*

"*sigh* I guess you did kidnap two countryhumans..."

*"So, why did you seem guilty when the question was asked?"*

"..."

*"..."*

**9. What do you like about being in this relationship?**

"Well, I'm happy. Nothing more than that."

*"Anything more to add?"*

"..no. It's a different question if you'd ask me what I like about Ruski, but the relationship? It makes me happy that I have the chance."

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*"..why did you gulp?"*

"Can you stop analyzing everything?"

*"I'll just assume that the gulp meant you were nervous to answer this question. But..why? Are you unhappy?"*

"Of course I'm not. But it's exactly that happiness that makes me doubtful of this relationship."

*"Oh..so like the expression; 'It's too good to be true?'"*

"..I guess..."

*"..you still look apprehensive."*

"..that isn't because I'm unhappy, mind you. And as much as I doubt, I still want to believe in it as much as Sun- Phil, does."

*"..how come you're afraid to use the nickname? Minister Philip doesn't seem afraid to use your nickname. Why're you so doubtful?"*

"...couldn't you be anymore tone-deaf? *sigh* It's not something I'd easily utter to someone I haven't even known. So please.."

*"Alright, alright."*

**10. What's your favorite anime?**

"E..eh? Is that really the question?"

*"Answer."*

"Oh, well, okay...I haven't been watching anime's recently, and honestly I find a lot of them to be boring and predictable. Though recently there was one anime that caught my eye for how insightful it was.."

*"That being?"*

"Jobless reincarnation. It's rare to have a popular anime with such a down-to-earth plot. Usually those sort of plots - those with very grey morals - aren't favored by humans. After all, most humans want a model to look up to, from folktales, religion, even fantasizing historical figures into something they aren't. So..it's nice to see a medium where the problems and the characters are..humble, more or less. Oh, I also like Berserk."

*"...is..is there any uh..other anime's you like?"*

"Oh- Actually, me and Ruski were watching a series the other day. Ruski seems to like it."

*"Title?"*

"Spy Family, if I could remember correctly. It isn't as if a human attempting to write a story that's inspired by history is new, but this one...it was creative with the realism it draws inspiration from. It's not insanely accurate, mind you- It's not physically possible to just..make those realistic masks out of nowhere without taking hours to do so, or be insanely strong with that body size, but...I've met people that acted the way the characters did. So...despite the creative reaches, I like it."

*"Why do you think minister Russia likes it?"*

"It might have something to do with Anya; the pink-haired girl. I don't think he wants to admit it but he finds her adorable. And...well, knowing his past..."

*"Past?"*

"I hope Ruski doesn't get mad at me for this..but I think it's because he wants this little girl to have a happy ending."

*"Oh..."*

"Yeah..he needs some sort of comfort from..the reality of seeing people die, after all. Even if it was fiction."

*"I didn't think this question would open so many emotional spots. Anyway..."*

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"Anime? What is this...anime?"

*"Spy family?"*

"..."

*"It's a fine choice."*

"..."

*"I hope you don't get mad at your partner."*

"..."

*"Well, toodles! Oh- And, we prepared your room for tonight. I hope you wouldn't want to sleep in a separate room?"*

"...no."

*"So you'll sleep with Sunshine?"*

"..."

*"Alright!"*

# QnA w/ RusPhil pt. 2

**Just so people know that this ain't stolen, the original website where these images were posted on (which is Instagram; youarewithinrangeofkisses is the username) has my Wattpad username on the bio page :))**

**Also, questions are still allowed before FSB, SVR, NICA, CIA and UN tracks me down**

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# QnA w/ RusPhil pt. 3

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**[Still open for questions!**

**Also really happy that Wattpad has enough space for me to post 20 photos :)))]**

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# Merry Crisis Pt. 3